the doom generation

a heterosexual movie by gregg araki.

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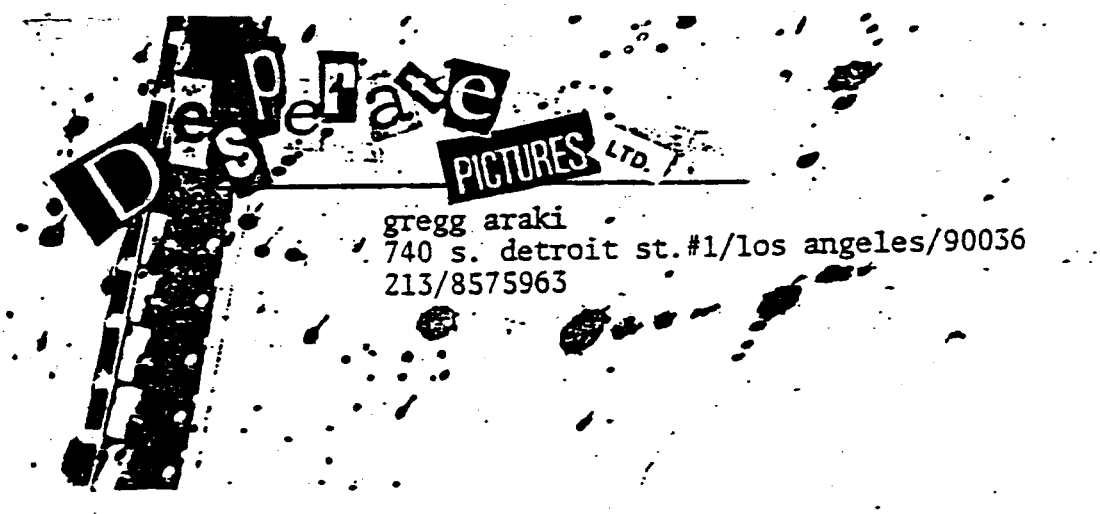

the doom generation

int-HELL.night

ULTRA SLO-MO
Bodies. Hardly distinguishable as bodies even. More like Blurs. Forms. Shadows. Falling. Thrashing. Colliding. A surrealistic, choreographed human demolition derby intermittently lit by pulsating strobes. (The imagery is somehow reminiscent of Goya's paintings of agony and suffering.)

All cloaked in pure mysterious SILENCE like some underwater ballet...

intercu

opening TITLES

One of the SLO-MO BODIES in particular is singled out, spotlighted. A lean, pubescent KID with mess hair. His fair-skinned, nubile torso emerging as his ripped t-shirt gets more and more ripped (like practically torn off his body) in the swirling melee.

SUDDENLY
The action explodes into real-time 24fps FRENZY as eardrum-pulverizing INDUSTRIAL-DEATH THUNDER obliterates the silence. It's the Apocalypse set to a disco beat. (And here is as good a place a any to mention the double-LP soundtrack composed by like Trent (NINE INCH NAILS) Reznor (or whoever)).

The Kid, JORDAN WHITE (17), is in the middle of a slamdancing pit - gyrating, whirling, fists flying. his "I Blame Society" t-shirt shredding in the sweaty firestorm.

cut t

int-THE SMOKECHOKED FRINGES.night

Off on the sidelines, hovering in the dim, noise-drowned recesses is AMY BLUE (18, a tiny raven-hair innocent beneath her hard, clad-in-goth-black image - like a teenage Anna Karina with an asymmetrical cut). Behind her, in the BG over the bar, a crude undergroundish sign declares "WELCOME TO HELL".

An unlit cigarette dangling from her ebony lips, Amy scowls (cutely) as she forages through her lunchbox/purse which is plastered with Cocteau Twins, Misfits, etc stickers.

AMY
Fuck.

Her rummaging grows more desperate.

AMY
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck...

PEANUT, a behemoth of a skinhead slathered with tattoos, approaches.

PEANUT

Hey Amy. Got any crystal?

Amy looks at Peanut (he towers like a foot and a half over her), makes a gas face.

AMY

Fuck off.

PEANUT

Shit, who pissed in your Fruit Loops?

AMY

Peanut, why don't you go passionately fuck yourself?

PEANUT

I can, y'know.

AMY
(sneering)

Yeah, I heard your dick is curved like a banana.

PEANUT

It reaches spots you've never had touched before. Wanna take it for a test spin?

AMY

I'd rather be shot point blank in the head.

PEANUT

Amy, you're about as charming as a pus-encrusted herpes lesion. Anybody ever told you that?

Amy makes another, uglier gas face, resumes searching through her lunchbox.

The song ends and Jordan, like a warrior staggering off the battlefield in a Kurosawa film, comes over. His pink, hairless nipples protruding from the remnants of his decimated shirt, he wraps an arm around Amy, kisses her sweetly on the cheek.

AMY
(recoiling)

Yuk, you're all sweaty.

JORDAN
(unfazed by her bitchiness)

Whatcha lookin' for?

AMY

My skull lighter. I swear, if it's gone, I'll slit my wrists.

PEANUT

Now that would be a great loss to the human race.

AMY
(holding up her middle finger)

Sit and spin.

PEANUT
(to Jordan, ignoring her)
Hey, Jordan. Y'know what the difference between a pussy and a cunt is?

Jordan shrugs.

PEANUT
(glowering at Amy while delivering the punchline)
A pussy is a nice, warm, comfortable place and a cunt is the person who owns it.

Yukyukyukking it up, Peanut disappears into the dark recesses. Amy rolls her eyes.

AMY
That guy has the intelligence of a stool sample.

JORDAN
(reaching into his pocket)
He's OK.
(takes out his own lighter, gallantly lights her cigarette)
I think he's got brain damage. But he's OK.

Amy takes a deep, deep drag from her cig.

AMY
I cannot breathe.

JORDAN
(full of affection)
Maybe if you cut down to like ten packs a day...

AMY
I smoke because I'm hoping for an early death. Duh.
(coughs a couple times)
This place is so fucking boring I wish someone would burn it to the ground.

JORDAN
(another shrug)
It's not that boring.

Amy blows out a tense stream of smoke.

AMY
Let's get the fuck out of here.

JORDAN
'K.

He looks at her (and we notice now as the seedy light strikes his face just so, how genuinely beautiful h is - with a face like an angel and infinitely dark eyes that you could just swim in forever...).

JORDAN
Wanna go to Heaven?

Amy takes another drag, shrugs indifferently.

AMY
I guess.

ext.HEAVEN-night

Token TRACKING SHOT across the local staked-out turf known as "Heaven" which resembles ruins leftover from the last A-Bomb test (in actuality it's the rotting, abandoned lot of a deceased drive-in theatre). Cars doing donuts. Dueling stereos blasting out competing trendy NOIZE. KIDS of all sizes, shapes and colors loitering, getting high, screwing, y'know, doing all that Rebellious Youth stuff.

We're TRAILING a NEONAZI-TYPE, no shirt, muscles, bitchin tattoos, a SNAKE draped over his shoulders like a mink stole, who zigzags through the flotsam and jetsam on his skateboard with MUSIC ("Sex On Wheelz" by THRILL KILL KULT or some such thing) cascading from his ghettoblaster.

The CAMERA comes to rest at an ultra-cool, faded sky-blue '70 Ford Torino with totally fogged-up windows.

int-TORINO.night

Steam condenses and forms droplets on the windshield. A shrunken head dangles from the rearview mirror and there's tons of weird gothic toys and knickknacks populating the dashboard.

We hear the OS panting and rustling of teen sex in progress.

AMY (OS)
Go ahead and stick it inside.

Shifting and struggling.

AMY (OS)
C'mon.

More moving around, repositioning.

AMY (OS)
Jordan, put your dick in me.

JORDAN (OS)
I'm tryin'...

There's a heavy sigh.
Finally, Jordan sits up (looking especially lovely in the diffuse backlight) in the passenger half of the immense frontseat.

JORDAN
(staring out his window)
I'm sorry. I just...

AMY (OS)
What?

Jordan stares out his window some more.

JORDAN

I'm afraid of catching AIDS.

AMY (OS)

But we're both virgins.

Jordan looks at her. Starts fishing through the glove compartment.

JORDAN

Where's the fuckin cigarettes?

Amy sits up into the frame (she's shirtless too) and removes a pack of Death cigarettes from under the visor on her side. She takes one, hands another to Jordan. Like a ritual, he lights her cig first, then his own.

JORDAN

I dunno what it is, but I feel really weird tonight. Like something's gonna happen.

AMY

(inhaling a drag)

Me too.

Jordan looks at her.

JORDAN

You hate me now, don't you?

Amy looks at him.

AMY

No. Dork.

(she gives him a tender, reassuring kiss on the lips)

Jordan looks at Amy for a significant beat, his cigarette smoldering.

JORDAN

Hey Amy...

(his liquid eyes shimmering)

Do you love me?

Amy looks at him.

AMY

Yeah. Totally.

(drags on her cig)

Why?

Jordan shrugs.

JORDAN

(tracing designs in the moisture collected on his window)

It's just "I love you" can mean a lot of things, like "You'll do till someone better comes along", or "I can't describe how I really feel but I know I'm supposed to say this", or "Shut up, I'm watchin' TV"...

Amy gives him a look.

AMY

Are you stoned?

They crack up. Amy blows a trio of perfect smokerings.

AMY

I think sometimes this city is sucking away my soul. Like yesterday I was stuck in this humongous traffic jam on the 405 freeway and I just couldn't wait to get to the dead bodies lying there on the bloody asphalt. All I cared about was getting out and **moving** again...

JORDAN

I know. I feel like a gerbil smothering in Richard Gere's butthole.

The young lovers' eyes meet as they wallow together in their Tortured Teen Sadness. They kiss again, gently with their moist, pouty lips. Look at each other some more.

AMY

There just is no place for us in this world.

At that moment, a BODY is hurled against their windshield with such force it makes a loud, cracking THUD. A gang of four BIG GOONS clad in hideous retro-70s fashions (like Redd Kross on steroids) descend upon the Body, pummelling him with fists, brass knuckles, ninja sticks, etc.

BIG GOON 1

Wake up, cocksucker! It's time to DIE.

The Body rolls into a fetal ball, shielding himself from his attacker's blows and removing something from his left DocMarten... a SWITCHBLADE, which he lashes out with in a vicious arc, badly slicing two of the Goons.

All of this happens so fast Amy and Jordan can only sit and stare.

There's JUMPCUT blood, confusion.

AMY

(finally reacting)

Hey! Get off my fuckin car!

She start HONKING the horn which only adds to the chaos.

Then, before Amy and Jordan can blink, the Body materializes, like lightning in a bottle, **inside** the car in the passenger seat, literally on Jordan's lap. And we get our first good look at XAVIER RED (22, intensely ~~sexy, industrial~~ haircut, his perfect face spattered with crimson blood spangles, and his eyes, electric blue enough normally, juiced up past overload given the circumstances). Locking the door behind him, he waves the red dripping knife at Amy and Jordan (who're still half-naked by the way), with more desperation than menace.

XAVIER

Pedal to the metal, sweetheart!

The two remaining Goons, whipped up into a murderous frenzy, POUND on the doors and windows o the Torino.

AMY
(screaming at the Goons outside)
You're **denting** my fucking car!

XAVIER
(going absolutely insane)
Yo, bitch, would you just GO??!

JORDAN
uh...Amy...

AMY
(going alittle berserk herself)
GET YOUR FUCKING HANDS OFF MY CAR!!!!

She fires up the engine and REVS it with a very impressive, testosterone-charged ROAR.

AMY
(muttering)
Goddamnmother**fuck**ing....

She stomps on the gas and tires SQUEALING, the Torino nearly mows down the hate-crazed Goons. The G-force sends Xavier tumbling into the backseat, causing him to accidentally cut himself on the leg with his knife.

XAVIER
...**fuck**..!..

The Torino peels out of the garbage-strewn lot, leaving the Goons behind in the dust. As it speeds awa we SEE the car's tail end which is plastered with death, gloom and industrial stickers as well as one that proclaims "EAT SHIT AND DIE MOTHERFUCKER".

cut t

BLACK (4 seconds)

SOUND PULLUP
The road rumbling by, SKINNY PUPPYish TORTURE on the stereo.

AMY (OS)
I swear, if there is **one** dent in the door, **one** scratch in the paint...

cut t

int-BACKSEAT.night

Xavier examining his flesh wound (located dangerously close to the crotch of his holy levis), trying to stop the flow of blood trickling out.

XAVIER
What the fuck're you talking about? OW...
(wincing in pain)
This car is older than you and your jailbait boyfriend combined...

Amy turns to glare at him.

AMY

I **love** this car.

(horrified)

OhmyGOD, you're getting blood all over the upholstery!

XAVIER

Jesus, don't potty in your panties about it.

He starts wiping up the blood with the tail of his raggedy Revolting Cocks t-shirt.

AMY

Jordan, he is **bleeding** all over my upholstery!

JORDAN

It's OK Amy, he's cleanin' it up.

Jordan, hanging over the seat, gazes at the red stuff coming from Xavier's basket area.

JORDAN

You alright, man?

XAVIER

Sure. I'm totally into getting the fuck beat out of me and slicin' up my own fuckin leg...

AMY

You are really fuckin rude. Y'know that? You are **really fuckin rude.**

Xavier rolls his eyes and finding a rag, starts tying a makeshift bandage around his upper thigh.

JORDAN

Hey, that's my shirt.

XAVIER

(looks at it)

Oh... sorry.

JORDAN

It's cool. Go ahead, use it.

AMY

That is **so** gross.

JORDAN

So who were those guys back there anyway?

XAVIER

(finally stopping the bleeding)

Assholes. Dickheads. Fanatical Young Republicans.

Xavier pulls the bandage taut around his muscular leg and CLICKS his blade shut, sliding it back into it proper place inside his left Doc Marten. In the nocturnal blue luminescence of the backseat, we notice now just how mesmerizingly, almost supernaturally handsome he is, vibrating with dangerous sexuality and a tragic vulnerability. You can tell by looking into his fathomless eyes that he's had a totally fucked up, crazy couple decades on the planet.

He starts distractedly gazing out his window.

JORDAN (OS)
What's your name, anyway?

XAVIER'S POV
A split-second SLO-MO blur. A lone illuminated billboard message in the darkness: "Don't Give Up. PRAY." passes by.

BACK TO SCENE

XAVIER
huh?

JORDAN
What's your name?

Xavier looks at Jordan: their eyelines connecting like a livewire electrical system.

XAVIER
Xavier.

JORDAN
What?

XAVIER
(a tired routine)
Xavier. That's X-avier. Not "Hah-vee-ay". Not "Zay-veer". X-avier.

JORDAN
oh.

AMY
That's the stupidest fuckin name I've ever heard.

JORDAN
Is it cool if I just call you "X"? I can't really pronounce all that...

XAVIER
Only if I get to call you "Nutlicker".

Jordan laughs with boyish bashfulness. Amy just scowls.

AMY
If bullshit were music, you'd be a big brass band.

XAVIER
(studying Amy with a sly smile)
What's with your lady here, Jordan? Terminal PMS?

AMY
Fuck you.

XAVIER
(excited now, feeding vampirelike off her spunky energy)
No. Fuck **you**, you stinkin' kootch. Fuck you, you big, wet, bearded clam!

AMY

FUCK.YOU!

XAVIER
(gleeful)

Fuck **you,** Fuck your **mother**, Fuck your **brother**, Fuck your **ugly dog**...

cut tc

ext-ROADSIDE.night

The Torino SCREECHES to a halt in the shadow of a gigantic, surreal, all-lit-up oil refinery which looms, spewing poison into the blackness like some menacing death factory.

Amy leaps out of the idling auto, holding the door open.

AMY

Get OUT of my fucking car!

JORDAN
(sticking his head out)

C'mon, Amy. He didn't mean it. He's just jokin' around...
(to Xavier)

Right, X? Tell her...

Amy stands there, her breath forming clouds and her nipples hardening in the crispy night air.

XAVIER
(sticking his head out too, his eyes all atwinkle)

Yeah, Amy. Don't get your uterus all tied in a knot.

AMY
(practically poking Xavier's eye out with her finger)

Listen, gism-breath. I want you out of my fucking car **right this fucking second.**

XAVIER
(to Jordan)

Is she always this aggressive, Jordo?

Jordan doesn't even have time to reply before Amy grabs Xavier by his t-shirt collar. They're face-to-fac in an intensely tight CU.

AMY

I'm not kidding, Scumfuck. **Get. Lost.**

They have a long stare-off, their faces so close they're practically kissing...
Xavier takes this opportunity to lick his upper lip (the tip of his tongue barely grazes Amy's lips in the process). Then, as he sumptuously bites his thick lower lip, a smile, so sexy it's actually scary, creeps over his face.

XAVIER

You're, uh, giving me an erection.

AMY

You're **repugnant.**

Xavier's only response to Amy's fury is a bigger, more sinister smile (like he's either on drugs or just plain fucking crazy...).

XAVIER

OK, Miss America. You win...
(looks heavenward)
Beam me up, Scotty.

He and Amy retreat, disappearing off opposite sides of the frame, leaving Jordan's RACK-FOCUSED face in the BG center.

XAVIER
(to Jordan as he exits)

Later, gator.

He gets out of the car.

JORDAN

Hey, what about my shirt?

Xavier looks down at the blood-soaked rag wrapped around his thigh. Smiling, he removes it and tosses it back to Jordan who catches it in mid-air.

JORDAN

Thanks, X.

He slips the still-warm, moist, red-stained thing back on over his lean torso.

XAVIER

My pleasure, Nutlicker.

Without a word, Amy marches back to the car, steps in and SLAMS the door shut. Xavier leans over towards her window.

XAVIER
(beaming)

"Don't go changin'."

Amy makes a face of hate and tromps on the gas pedal.
The Torino tears off into the night, with Jordan waving goodbye forlornly from his window.

XAVIER
(yelling after them, breaking into song)

"... To try and please me...
I LOVE YOU JUST THE WAY YOU ARE..."

CU
Xavier growing tinier and tinier in the rearview mirror, ranting and raving, like a miniature Beetlejuice.
PAN and RACK to Jordan who turns from the mirror to Amy who stares stonefaced at the road ahead.

JORDAN
(shaking his head)
I swear, Amy. You can be so harsh.

Amy says nothing.

JORDAN
I dunno, he seemed cool. Kinda strange maybe...

AMY
He was an anus-face.

JORDAN
What were we talkin' about the other day, about trying to be less judgemental of people?...

AMY
Fuck that.

Jordan can tell she's not exactly in the mood for a discussion (they've been going out for a long time aft all (three months), and hey, he's a sensitive guy). He changes the subject.

JORDAN
I'm starvin'. Stop at the next QuickieMart, 'K?

Amy drives in silence.

cut t

int-QUICKIEMART.night

Gross CU
Bright fuschia raspberry slushie oozing plasmalike out of the stainless steel dispenser.

Smacking his lips, Jordan finishes filling his extra-large sportsbottle and licks the excess slushie globs from the lid with his pink tongue. He plunks his drink down on the "food area" counter next to his three SuperJumbo footlong hotdogs which are piled obscenely high with relish, ketchup, onions, etc. It's an aesthetic/gastronomical nightmare.

JORDAN
Sure y'don't want anything?

AMY
(tensely dragging on a cig)
I'm speeding, remember?

JORDAN
oh yeah.

CLERK (OS)
Hey. No smoking in store, girlie.

Amy turns to find the CLERK, a vile-looking Vietnamese guy with a Coors cap on, leering at her. Behind him, his three Kewpie Doll KIDS sit in a row, totally decked out in Ninja Turtle merchandise, staring transfixed at an ultraviolent shoot-em-up COP SHOW on a tiny portable TV.

AMY
(it really has been a rough night))

Jesus.

She demonstratively grinds her cig out on the upturned sole of her pointy black goth boot then defiantly drops the butt to the filthy linoleum. The Clerk sneers.

CLERK

Pick up... girlie.

Amy rolls her eyes, makes a belligerent (but cute) face.

AMY

Eat my fuck.

JORDAN
(wanting to avoid a scene)

Amy...

Casually, without fanfare, the Clerk pulls out a SAWED-OFF 12 GAUGE from behind the counter, points it at Amy and Jordan.

JORDAN

holy shit.

CLERK

Pick up, **girlie.**

(The Kids behind him are still totally oblivious. Actually, one of them, a little girl, looks up at her father nonchalantly - like this happens every night - and returns her attention to the TV.)

AMY
(with a sour expression, like she's smelled something bad)

I'm **so** sure.

She bends over, retrieving the butt (and the Clerk gets a gross thrill watching her nubile form straining a the seams of her tight, all black outfit). Then crosses to the trashcan and theatrically disposes of the incriminating butt.

AMY
(mega-smug smile)

We happy?

The Clerk nods, still holding his mighty gun on Amy while he rings up Jordan's titanic midnight snack.

CLERK

That be six dollar, sixtysix cents.

Anxious to get out of there, Jordan fishes through the pockets of his baggy levis.

JORDAN
(puzzled)

huh. That's weird. Must've fallen out in the car...

He looks towards Amy who rolls her eyes and sighs, annoyed.

JORDAN

I'll pay you right back...

Amy doesn't want to hear about it. She reaches into the inside pocket of her huge, thrashed leatherjacket Searches for ~~a minute~~... Then looks up at Jordan. The lightbulb of realization goes on simultaneously fo both of them.

JORDAN

oh...

AMY

...fuck. The Scumfuck.

CLERK

(like a crazy singsong mantra)

Six dollar, sixtysix cents.

Jordan looks at Amy. Amy looks at Jordan. (Like this is another fine mess...)

There's the CA-CHUK of the shotgun being cocked as the Clerk levels the barrel right at them.

AMY

You fuckin kook. We left our wallets in the car. Let me just run out and--

Amy's movement towards the door gets the gun aggressively aimed between her eyes. The Clerk slowly shakes his head. Nuh uh. (It becomes clear that he gets some kind of kinky satisfaction from holding ou teens, especially ripe passion flower Amy, at bay.)

CLERK

(one last time)

Six dollar. Sixtysix cents.

AMY

This is fuckin ridiculous.

(furious to the Clerk)

What're you gonna do, **shoot** us? Imean, what is this, some kind of joke - like "Candid Camera" or something?

The Clerk makes no reply, only continuing to squint at Amy over the barrel of his raised gun...

SUDDENLY
in an arty ULTRA SLO-MO BLUR, a Figure bursts in from nowhere, tackling the evil Clerk. The shotgun goes off like a thunderclap, BLASTING the cigarette rack overhead, sending packs and stray cigs flying everywhere. (This fracas actually causes the Kids to look up from the TV, but that's all they do: look up. They don't scream, run for cover, nothing...)

It's (who else?)

XAVIER

(to the stunned Amy and Jordan)

Scram.

In the ensuing commotion, Jordan drops his hotdog fiasco to the floor, upsidedown, SPLAT. Amy run for the door, scooping up a few packs of cigs on the way, while Jordan kipes a couple sixers of Bud from a nearby display (Imean, what the hell. Why not?).

The Clerk starts BABBLING in Vietnamese as his Kids just sit there watching, like a row of weird little robot monkeys.

AMY
(to Xavier, flabbergasted)
What the fuck d'you think you're doing?

XAVIER
(in the midst of a mortal struggle with the Clerk)
Saving **your** fucking life.

AMY
Did I **ask** you to do us any big favors? Huh?

JORDAN
(taking Amy by the arm)
Amy, c'mon....

AMY
Jordan, he is getting us into Deep Shit.

From the back storeroom, the Clerk's WIFE appears, wielding a LARGE MACHETE and likewise JABBERING in a foreign tongue. (Wearing one of those big rice farmer hats and a black peasant blouse she could pass for an extra from ***The Killing Fields***.)

WIFE
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYAAAAAAAAAAH!!!!

The Wife takes a slice at Xavier and ends up imbedding the blade in the plastic cash register which starts BLEEPING uncontrollably as the drawer flies open.

XAVIER
(getting a mite frantic)
Would you guys get the hell out of here?!

AMY
(annoyed)
Christ.

The Wife by now has joined the fracas, trying to pry Xavier off her husband. (And the Kids are still just watching like it's an episode of their favorite TV show.)

JORDAN
(dragging Amy towards the door)
Come **on.**

Just then, a gunshot EXPLODES OS. BLOOD sprays everything in the vicinity - the chattering Wife, th VitaminPaks, the neon pink-and-green sunglasses display, the row of Kids sitting there staring...

And the Clerk's head (just his HEAD, or what's left of it anyway) lands with a sickening THUK in the condiment bin across the room, right in the middle of the relish, onions and jalapeno peppers.

Xavier is left hugging a decapitated, bloodspewing corpse. Behind him, the Wife gapes with horror, making unsettling, animalish HOWLING sounds. And the weird Kids just keep on staring.

Amy and Jordan stand there, dumbstruck, looking first at Xavier, then across the room at the head perched upright in the condiment bin... It all seems like some insane, drug-induced hallucination.

Then crazily, it (the disembodied head) starts talking, emitting this guttural, unintelligible, scary-as-shi GIBBERISH (as well as a grody rivulet of oozy blood-juice).

Xavier, Amy and Jordan FREAK. Xavier drops the beheaded cadaver to the floor, and Amy and Jordan petrified a second ago, now cannot scurry fast enough towards the door. Xavier follows, pausing only t snatch some greenery (which is spattered with blood and brain bits) from the gaping open register.

cut t

ext-QUICKIEMART PARKING LOT.night

Beneath the glaring, eerily pulsating fluorescents, the terrified threesome scramble for the car, falling all over themselves like postpunk-poseur Three Stooges - filmed in torturously protracted SLO, SLOOOOOOOO-MO.

We abruptly SHIFT to 24fps real-time as the trio pile into Amy's car and go SCREECHING off into the all-enveloping abyss.

cut t

BLACK (5 seconds)

SOUND PULLOVER
OS franticness. The car engine racing with angsty-torment-MUZIK (like "The Choke" or some such thing) hammering in the BG.

AMY (OS)
(Valspeak at 78rpm)
OhmyGodohmyGodohmy**God**....

XAVIER (OS)
Relax. Relax...

cut t

int-TORINO.night

The threesome, squeezed into the frontseat, fritzing out.

XAVIER
...Would you **please** just fuckin chill??!

JORDAN
(in a daze, like he's way stoned)
...His head. His head, man. It was **talkin'**...

Amy takes a deep breath.

AMY
OhmyGod.

XAVIER
(struggling to maintain calm)
Listen, we're probably cool. Imean, that weirdo gook lady with the machete probably doesn't even speak english... I think everything's gonna be fine.

AMY
What the fuck d'you mean "everything's gonna be fine"? You just blew somebody's fucking **head** off!

XAVIER
You just gotta be the pessimist all the time, don't you? Little Miss Gloom and Doom. Well, fuck you. You were there, you were both there with me... and read my lips, we all go down together. I fry, we **all** fry...

AMY
Blow it out your crusty rectum, loser. We don't know you, we barely just met you, and we certainly don't **like** you. You're fucking crazy and... and... you're ugly besides.

XAVIER
(leans towards Amy, his eyes like road flares)
I love you too, darling.

The tension between the two of them could start a fire.

JORDAN
His fuckin head... it was in the relish 'n' onions 'n' it was **talkin'**...

Xavier loops his arms around both Amy and Jordan's necks in a twisted, muscular, sexual clench. Menacing and extremely seductive at the same time. A pact. With the bloody money gripped in his viselike hands.

XAVIER
We are up to our blowholes in trouble, compañeros. But we're in it **together**.

Amy and Jordan trade nervous glances. It's all so totally unreal, like a shared bad dream they'll wake up from soon. They both look at Xavier who has this very disturbing smile spreading over his face.

XAVIER
All for one and one for all.

AMY
(suddenly realizing)
Hey. Gimme my fuckin wallet back...

cut t

ext-THE FATHOMLESS VOID.night

The car ZOOMS in flight down the expressway to oblivion.

crossfade t

ext-SLEEPY-TIME MOTEL.night

The BUZZING, half-burntout neon sign. Freckled with dead bugs.

cut t

int-MOTEL ROOM.night

Utter blackness.
The SOUND of the key in the lock. Diffuse OS conversation.

JORDAN (OS)
Imean, don't y'think you oughta call your mom or something?

Amy opens the door, the blue neon filtering in behind the trio's ghostly silhouettes.

AMY
Tomorrow.

Amy CLICKS on the light: the room is sparse, anonymous, cheap. Depressing. Xavier trails the two of them, scoping out their new surroundings like he's casing the joint.

XAVIER
What? Mommy and Daddy'll be all worried about their baby girl?

AMY
(matter-of-fact)
My mom used to be a heroin addict; now she's a Scientologist. My old man's dead.

XAVIER
oh, sorry.

AMY
I'm not. He was a bloated, alkie pig who was always trying to molest me.

XAVIER
(to Jordan)
How 'bout you?

JORDAN
My folks live in Encino.

XAVIER
Oh.

Xavier throws himself down on the queen-size bed (which we notice is the only one in the room). He interlaces his hands behind his head as his body bounces up and down rhythmically on the springy mattress.

XAVIER
My mom shot my dad then killed herself when I was twelve.

Amy and Jordan stand there looking at Xavier who just smiles. Whether he's telling the truth or not, Amy at this point could frankly care less. She rolls her eyes and heads towards the bathroom.

AMY
I'm taking a bath.

She exits.

cut t

BLACK (2 seconds)

cut t

int-BATHROOM.later

Amy sits naked in the tub in the steamfilled room, the warm water comforting her like a good massage. Her hair all wet and straggly, her mascara running, she stares up at the ceiling. Weary, scared, she feels the direness of her situation closing in on her like a noose as she listens to the relentless, unnerving DRIP-DRIP-DRIP of the bathdrain.

cut tc

int-MOTEL ROOM.night

TV
Some goofy DOG OBEDIENCE SCHOOL PROGRAM. This psychotic-looking LADY TRAINER giving lessons to a disinterested Lhasa Apso.

JORDAN (OS)
I love this show, man.

IN THE BLUE BEAM GLOW
Jordan zones out, drinking one of the stolen lukewarm Buds, his back up against the bed. Behind him, sitting crosslegged on the mattress, Xavier unpeels his shirt, baring his smooth, tightly muscled torso. (Given the sleazy setting and the laconic sexiness of the boys, there's a strange deja vu feeling to the scenario: it's like some half-remembered blue movie.)

XAVIER
S'how long've you 'n' Princess Leia been a happy little couple?

JORDAN
Fuck, a **long** time.
(sips on his brewski)
Three months.

Xavier lounges on the bed; his upsidedown head about a foot from Jordan's.

XAVIER
No way. Most of my relationships last about three **days**...
(his gaze catching Jordan's like a butterfly in a net)
... or three hours.

JORDAN
(a smile and another swig of beer)
Yeah, well, relationships bite.
(noticing)
Wow. Righteous tattoo.

(Xavier's got an elaborate, demonically bad-ass tat on his right shoulder which tendrils towards his erect nipple.)

XAVIER
(touching himself, tenderly, there)
Thanks.

JORDAN
(leaning close to get a better look)
I been wantin' one forever, but I can't decide on a design I like enough to, y'know, wear on my body for like the rest of my life. It's a big commitment.

He stares as if hypnotized (or wasted) at the colorful ink surgically sewn into Xavier's supple flesh.

JORDAN
I sure do like yours alot though...

As he keeps gazing, the homoerotic tension between the boys rises like two horny dicks.

JORDAN
(abruptly belching)
I gotta take a whizz.

He gets up, leaves Xavier lying there, prone on the bed.

cut to

int-BATHROOM.night

Amy doesn't react at all when Jordan comes in, still clinging to his nearly-drained Bud like a pacifier.

JORDAN
Hi.

AMY
Hi.

JORDAN
I gotta piss.

Amy looks at him like "Yeah. So?"
Jordan goes over to the toilet. Undoes his jeans and takes a long, loud pee. The SOUND of it fills the warm, moist space. Amy looks at Jordan. Jordan looks back at Amy. They're suspended there a minute: him standing by the toilet, her dripping in the tub.

Everything - their confusion, teenage doubt, insecurity, fear, their goofy strange love - all that and more flows silently between them like electrical current...

Not even bothering to stuff his still dribbling, semi-erect (though, of course, discretely OS) cock back into his pants, Jordan goes over to Amy and sets his beer bottle down with a THUNK. The two lovers begin passionately sucking face, becoming a pretzel of grabbing hands and intertangling limbs. As they both work to rip Jordan's clothes off, Amy pulls her semi-naked boyfriend into the hot water and they make insane, violent love: their hormone-charged, pentup emotion transformed into raw, obsessive fucking. They're like two terrified animals slaughtering each other.

back to

int-MOTEL ROOM.night

TV
The DOG TRAINING SHOW gets ZAPPED in a flurry of restless CHANNEL-SWITCHING. Random FLASHFRAGMENTS of Video America: THE HOME SHOPPING CLUB, quasi-pornographic

Soloflex COMMERCIALS, dopey SITCOM RERUNS, old COLORIZED MOVIES... then a HANDHELD NEWSCAMERA POV of the horrific Carnage at the QuickieMart comes on...

XAVIER
rolls over on the bed, staring at the flickering screen.

NEWSWOMAN (VO)
Now some of this footage may be too gruesome for some audience members, so viewer discretion is adviced...

TV
Just incredible gore. Grisly shots of the blood-covered store, the Clerk's head sitting in the condiment tray...

NEWSWOMAN (VO)
Police say that the severed head of QuickieMart proprietor, Ngyuen Kok-Suk, was **still talking** when it was discovered, at approximately 2:39 a.m. this morning, by a Jerseymaid deliveryman...

MORE TV
More gore. Footage of the Wife and Kids, all likewise dead. Their corpses swimming in huge pools of blood.

NEWSWOMAN (VO)
...And the San Fernando Valley Sheriffs Department is still investigating the bizarre, ritualistic slaying of Suk's wife and children as well...

TV
Inside the NEWSROOM, the *Mademoiselle*-ish NEWSWOMAN sits next to her very serious-looking *GQ*-clone CO-ANCHORPERSON.

NEWSWOMAN
(continued)
... It appears that the Shopkeeper's wife, who is believed to be an illegal alien, was so distraught over the slaying of her husband that she took the lives of her children, **disemboweling** them...

CO-ANCHORPERSON
Wait just a second there... **disemboweling** them?

NEWSWOMAN
Yes, Chet, that's right, **dis-em-boweling** them, before taking the knife to herself in some kind of unusual suicide rite.

CO-ANCHORPERSON
(shaking his head with rehearsed remorse)
Tragic.

NEWSWOMAN
Isn't it though? And the police so far have only one clue to the identity of Mr. Suk's murderer or murderers...

TV
INSERT CU of a tiny silver skull earring held in a pair of police forceps.

NEWSWOMAN (VO)
This skull earring, the type sold most frequently in rock'n'roll paraphernalia shops on Melrose and on Hollywood Boulevard...

cutaway tc

EERIE, SLO-MO MOS CU
Jordan's devouring Amy's neck in oblivious ecstasy. Creeping ZOOM in on the empty hole in his pierced left ear.

NEWSWOMAN (VO)
(continuing)
...Often worn by homosexuals, satanists and members of other dangerous cult groups...

back tc

TV
The *Stepford Wife*like Newscasters.

CO-ANCHORPERSON
Hold it, Sandy. Correct me if I'm wrong, but don't lots of people, especially trendy teenagers following the latest "fad", kids who are otherwise perfectly "normal", don't they wear earrings similar to the one shown here?

NEWSWOMAN
Yes, well, Chet, that is a problem...

back tc

XAVIER
blankly taking this all in like it's an acid flashback or something. Finally giving up on the media vaudeville, he rolls off the bed.

cut tc

int-HALLWAY

Approaching the bathroom, Xavier peers through a lit crack in the door.

HIS POV
of Amy and Jordan going at it in the tub. Trying, not very successfully, to contain their teen sex-whimpering.

BACK TO SCENE
Xavier is fascinated and enormously aroused by what he's seeing. CAMERA TILTS down following hi hand as it delves into the dark recesses beneath the waistband of his torn levis. As he begins to stroke himself, the buttons of his worn fly start opening all by themselves.

CU
Tight on Xavier's enraptured face as we hear the OS rustle of his pants coming apart and slipping down...

intercu

SERIES OF SHOTS

Amy, Jordan and Xavier rapidly approaching orgasm, framed progressively tighter, tighter, tighter. The CUTS build in speed, rhythm and intensity, coming faster and faster until all three of them reach a wild, brutal simultaneous climax (with Amy and Jordan practically drowning each other in the process).

(After this strenuous bit of MONTAGE, the film calms down some, breathing easier, as both the compositions and the editorial pace relax...)

Xavier is left with a gooey mess on his hands. He goes to get something (his own discarded t-shirt) to wipe himself with.

cut tc

int-BATHROOM.night

Amy and Jordan are out of breath but at the same time, totally wired, trembling in the aftermath of their carnal knowledge. Amy leans back, letting her head tip into the warm water while Jordan sprawls over the edge of the white tub. He looks over at her and unable to restrain himself, bursts out laughing. Amy starts laughing too, submerging her whole head underwater.

Amy spits a mouthful of water at Jordan which starts a huge splashing water fight (they're acting like the kids they never really got the chance to be). In their horsing around, Jordan slips on the slick porcelain and KABONKS his head on the tiled rim.

JORDAN

SHIT. Owwww...

Blood begins flowing from his nose, red liquid trickling all over his hands, on Amy's nude body, dripping into the tepid water. Amy is grossed out by the spectacle, but giggles at the same time.

AMY

Smooth move, ex-lax.

JORDAN

Oh man...

AMY

Here. Pinch the bridge of your nose.

JORDAN

Huh?

AMY
(reaching over to demonstrate)

Pinch it. There...

SUDDENLY
The door is KICKED OPEN, causing both Amy and Jordan to just about jump out of their wet, taut ski

XAVIER

I'm so fuckin hungry I could eat my leg. How 'bout a little foodular action?

Amy and Jordan, stark naked, dripping water and blood, just look at Xavier who stands over them grinning.

XAVIER
C'mon, you fornicators.

cut to

ext-WHATABURGER.night

At the totally hip, striped pyramid of a fastfood joint that could easily pass for a 60s pop-op art sculpture.

In the drive-thru with the top down, our threesome sit idling at a SQUAWKING intercom (Jordan has a wad of Kleenex shoved into his nostril to halt the blood flow). Something like CHRIS AND COSEY's "Rise" is percolating on the car stereo.

XAVIER
Ever notice how this whole city smells like a big fart?

CASHIER (VO)
(his voice all crackly)
Welcome to Whataburger. May I have your order please?

XAVIER
Gimme the Slop-O-Rama Bellybuster, no onions, a Passion Fruit Slurpster... and an order of CurlyQ Fries.

JORDAN
I'll have Barbecue Beef Chunks. Some Fried Cheeseballs. And an Evian.

AMY
DietCoke. Extra-large.

JORDAN
(to Xavier, explaining)
She never eats when she does crystal.

AMY
Shut up.

CASHIER (VO)
That be all?

JORDAN
yup.
(cleaning out his ear with his finger, he notices...)
Hey. I lost my earring.

CASHIER (VO)
That'll be six sixty-six. Please pull forward to the window.

Amy starts the car moving.

AMY
(to Jordan)
What?

JORDAN
My earring. It must've fallen out.
(bummed)
Shit.

AMY
(rolling her eyes)
Jordan, I'm sure. We are in like this total predicament and you're worried about losing a fucking earring?

JORDAN
(looking around in the seat)
It's got sentimental value. My mom gave it to me when I finally passed algebra/trig.

XAVIER
(to Amy)
Well, you can relax your royal sphincter muscle, your highness. The crazy machete lady offed herself and her kids, so there's no witnesses left.

AMY/JORDAN
(simultaneous)
What???

XAVIER
They're all dead. It was on the news.

AMY
You are so full of sheep excrement it's not even funny.

XAVIER
Hey, I saw it on TV so it's gotta be true, right?

Amy and Jordan both eye him skeptically.

JORDAN
Yeah, but what if that guy's head is still talkin' 'n' he tells the cops everything?

They reach the pickup window. Grease drips from the bottom of the cardboard box which the pimply-faced, longhaired CASHIER hands to Amy.

AMY
(re: the greasy box)
Grossify me.

CASHIER
Six sixty-six.
(a psychotic glint flashes in his eye as he sees Amy)
Sunshine?

AMY
(to Xavier)
Gimme some money.

CASHIER
(staring incredulously at Amy)
Sunshine, is that you?

AMY
I think you must have me mixed up with someone else...
(to Xavier, losing patience)
Gonad-face, gimme some money.

CASHIER
(growing more agitated)
Don't lie to me, Sunshine. I **know** it's you.

AMY
Look, you fuckin chunky pumpkinhead, I don't know what the hell you're talking about...
(starting to lose it, swats Xavier on the arm)
Gimme some fuckin money!

CASHIER
(near tears)
Sunshine, you said you loved me. You said you'd never leave me. I'll never forget you...

AMY
(throws up her hands)
What is this, Night of the Living Braindead?
(blowing up)
Wake up and smell the cappucino, geek. I don't know you, I've never even fuckin **seen** you before, I don't know who the fuck this "Sunshine" is...

CASHIER
You **whore**. You broke my fuckin heart!

XAVIER
C'mon "Sunshine", give the poor guy a break...

AMY
(gone)
SHUT THE FUCK UP AND GIMME SOME **MOTHERFUCKING** MONEY!!!!

The Cashier, who is by now sobbing hysterically, reaches under the counter and pulls out a HUGE SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN (not unlike the QuickieMart Guy's).

AMY
oh fuck.

CASHIER
If I can't have you, no one will.

Amy floors it and the Torino, tires SHRIEKING, peels out of the drivethru. The Cashier leaps out of h window and starts taking crazed potshots at them which BOOM out, echoing in the night.

AMY
(yelling back at him, furious)
Goddamn looney psycho-nimrod!!!!

The Torino tears off into the distance as the Cashier, hyperventilating, rips off his apron. His CO-WORKER, a tall, scrawny black dude comes up behind him.

CO-WORKER
Yo, Bartholomew. Whassup, man?

CASHIER
It was Sunshine. I **know** it was her... I could tell by her smell. And she was with these two prettyboy faggots. They must've abducted and brainwashed her...

He starts to walk away.

CO-WORKER
Hey, where y'goin'? You can't just leave; your shift's not over yet.

CASHIER
(with steely determination)
The Bitch. I'm gonna find her... And I'm gonna kill her.

cut tc

int-MOTEL ROOM.night

The trio burst into the room where the TV has been left on, blithering to no one. Xavier munching fries, Jordan popping cheese balls, Amy struggling to light a cig.

AMY
Is it a fuckin full moon or what? Imean, what the fuck is goin' on???

XAVIER
You shouldn't'a broken his lil ol' achey heart like that, Sunshine.

AMY
(turning on Xavier like a hellcat)
Cram it, asscrack. We wouldn't be in this mess if it wasn't for you...

XAVIER
Mellowize thyself, fishwich.
(takes a big, nauseating bite of his burger)
Ever considered cuttin' down on your crystal intake a bit? Cripes...

AMY
(lunging for him)
I HAVE **HAD** IT WITH YOU!

Jordan drops his cheeseballs and intercepts her with a half-wrestler's grip, half-comforting embrace.

JORDAN
Don't worry, Amy. We're here, we're safe, everything's cool.

AMY
(into his chest)
Jordan, I just wanna go home and forget this whole entire nightmare...

Jordan holds her consolingly. They stand there intertwined for a touching adolescent moment while Xavier unceremoniously wolfs down his burger.

JORDAN
It's alright, Amy. Really. In the morning, we'll figure it all out...

AMY
yeah, sure.
(yawns, makes a scrunchy face)
I'm gonna get ready for bed.

JORDAN
(smiles)
'K.

They peck-kiss, husband-and-wifelike, and Amy starts towards the bathroom.

AMY
... 'n' brush your teeth before you turn in, otherwise you'll have cheese-breath.

She leaves the room.

XAVIER
(belches)
I get the feeling Amy doesn't like me very much, Jordo.

JORDAN
Don't take it personal, X. She's just alittle...aloof till you get to know her. Hey, can I have a fry?

Xavier holds out the bag and Jordan takes a handful of the squiggly-shaped things.

XAVIER
Well, she acts like she's got the world shoved up her ass.
(foraging around in his sack of grease)
Shit. No ketchup.

cut to

BLACK (2 seconds)

cut to

int-MOTEL ROOM.later that night

The room is completely dark, except for the flickering, fireplacelike glow of the TV set, left on like a blue eye nightlight.

Amy and Jordan sleep, chastely side by side. Jordan SNORING loudly, totally out. The peaceful, waiflike beauty of the pair is positively phosphorescent: they look like a matched set of slumbering angels (it helps that Jordan's removed the bloody kleenex from his nostril).

Xavier, shirtless in the chair across from them, is like a contorted embryo, draped in his beatup leatherjacket. Unable to sleep, he stares, his eyes practically glowing, catlike in the murkiness. The wa he's watching Amy and Jordan, it's like he's in some kind of deep, demonic trance...

Slowly, silently, almost somnambulistically, he rises. The RUSTLE of his jacket falling and hitting the floor is the only sound that disturbs the omnipresent ambience of the faroff highway and the steady rhythm of Jordan's snoring (which is so regular it sounds like a computer sample).

Not taking his eyes off Amy and Jordan, he stands over them, right inbetween them in another perfectly symmetrical THREESHOT. He could be the Night Stalker or Nosferatu, the Vampire. But instead of draining the blood from their tender, young jugulars, he methodically, like he's in slow-motion, undoes his pants and starts to masturbate (again)... (his back is, of course, to the CAMERA which discretely hides his cock from view.)

He languidly licks the palm of his hand for lubrication purposes. The squishy NOISE his hand makes sliding up and down his dick is subtle, but it or something unknown rouses Amy. Her eyes open wide, staring in shock at Xavier stroking his protruding member.

She could scream out loud, but doesn't.
He should be embarrassed, caught literally with his pants down, but isn't.

Their initial mutual surprise gradually, inevitably melts like an icecube under the sun, becoming a pool of electrically-charged desire. Eye contact between the pair is unbreachable, creating an irresistable magnet pull. The space between them shrinks until their profiles are barely a breath apart in a very intimate CU.

AMY
(a whisper, her eyes glued to his OS erection)
I've never seen a tattoo there before...

Xavier smiles mischieviously.

XAVIER
Touch it.

Amy looks into Xavier's hypnotic eyes then returns her attention to his throbbing boner. She hesitates.

XAVIER
(a beyond sexy coercion)
Go ahead... Indulge.

She bites her lower lip. Then reaches down, tentatively, frightened at first, but definitely fascinated and turned-on. She slowly begins working her hand up and down, transfixed by her own actions. Xavier closes his eyes, savoring the full effect of her tiny, warm hand on his joystick. Reopening his eyes, he enthralled by the expression of childlike wonder on Amy's face.

AMY
(curious whisper)
What is it?

XAVIER
hmh?

AMY
What's it a picture of?

XAVIER
(gazing down lovingly at his own OS dick)
Can't you tell?

(evil smile)
It's Jesus.

AMY
Nuh uh.

(giggling as she takes a closer look)
Why the hell d'you have Jesus tattooed on the head of your cock?

XAVIER
(super-seductively nibbling her lower lip)
So people, when I'm boning 'em, can go "I've got Jesus inside me"...

They crack up, straining to keep it quiet so as not to wake the snoring Jordan. And the most logical way to accomplish that, since their faces are so close together anyway, is to melt together in a desperate, tonsil-exchanging kiss. This goes on for awhile, till they need to come up for air.

XAVIER
(his voice heavy, insane)
I'm gonna vacuum your tongue right out of your face...

Amy looks at him, filled with a weird mix of nervousness, excitement and headspinning lust. They french some more with a passion that swallows them both whole. As their hands explore, feeling each other's parts, roaming all over, both of them begin losing control, making sex noises...

In the throes of some turbulent dream, Jordan rolls over which causes Amy and Xavier to freeze like kid playing a game of statues.

They look at each other and at the still-gone Jordan, wondering what to do... Xavier tries to kiss Amy again but she pulls away.

AMY
Wait.

(a decision)
C'mon.

She leads him, her hand still gripping his cock, out of the bed.

cut t

int-TORINO.night

They tumble into the vast recesses of the huge backseat - makeout heaven - and resume tearing into each other, demolishing what's left of each other's clothes. Swept up in a tide of postadolescent horniness, they're grunting, tugging, grinding, going at it like there's no tomorrow.

Xavier disposes of Amy's top and feasts upon the perfect alabaster flesh of her torso. Closing her eyes, she luxuriates in the dizzying sensations running through her young body. Then suddenly

AMY
(jumps)
OW!

Xavier raises his head, revealing a smudge of blood on his full, swollen lips.

AMY

You fucker, you **bit** me.

He smiles, and with a wild pagan look in his eyes, he bends to gently lick up the tiny rivulet of red dripping from her small, white breast. Amy is, by now, so turned on she's nearly asphyxiating. She crams her tongue into Xavier's mouth, tastes her own blood.

As they come apart, their faces are so close they're using the same oxygen.

XAVIER

I wanna fuck you so fierce I could **die.**

Amy and Xavier plummet into the limbo of each other's eyes. They kiss some more, repositioning their bodies in preparation for entry and blastoff.

They're nose to nose in a very private CU which is held for the rest of the scene (after all, this is a respectable **art** film, not some sleazoid skinflick, so the details are left up to your dirty imagination...).

XAVIER

Stroke it.

Amy does. Xavier shuts his eyes with pleasure.

XAVIER

Squeeze it.

Amy does. Xavier draws in his breath.

XAVIER

Harder.

Amy does. Xavier shudders.

XAVIER

Look at it.

Amy does, enraptured. Xavier leans in and traces the outline of her trembling mouth with his tongue.

XAVIER
(barely a whisper)

Now put it in.

Fumbling a bit, awkward, Amy tries to.

XAVIER
(cruelly tantalizing her)

Little....by.....little...

Amy does as instructed. As Xavier enters her bit by excruciating bit, the pleasure is almost too much for them to bear. When his cock finally does make it all the way in, the earth practically whirls off its axis.

Successfully coupled, they begin moving in tandem. Slowly at first, then faster, faster...

AMY

Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, SWEETJESUSGOD, **FUCK ME..!...**

Xavier does. They're like wild animals, Amy's head banging hard against the steamed-up glass. THUM THUMP THUMP...

ext-MOTEL PARKING LOT

Dark shadowy activity is barely visible going on inside the Torino - a murder could be taking place. The whole vehicle is rocking in time with the pair's violent humping accompanied by the insistent percussive pounding of Amy's head on the window. THUMP THUMP THUMP...

back t

int-TORINO

Amy and Xavier about to plunge into orgasmic oblivion. THUMP THUMP THUMP goes Amy's head.

XAVIER
(breathless)
I'm gonna come.

AMY
(in torturous ecstasy)
Already?

XAVIER
Don't worry, I'm usually good for about six times a night...

AMY
(laughs)
Nuh uh.

XAVIER
Four at least. How 'bout you? You anywhere close?

AMY
Well...
(thinks about it a sec)
Sortof.

XAVIER
I can't hold it much longer. I, I...

THUMP THUMP THUMP... Xavier digs in his heels, preparing to go for the gold...

But SUDDENLY
BLINDING HEADLIGHTS flood the backseat, rudely interrupting his cataclysmic climax (It's about a subtle as cops kicking the door in.). Amy and Xavier scramble panicked for their clothes, ducking dow and peering into the darkness.

ext-MOTEL PARKING LOT.night

A shadowy FIGURE hops out of an idling, gigantic 4 by 4 and silhouetted in the glaring mandala of th headlights, pauses to finish off a quart of JD. He tosses the bottle away and it makes a tiny, shattering SOUND which is virtually drowned out by the truck's macho RUMBLING. The Figure cocks a huge phallic shotgun, marches towards the sleepy bungalow.

cut

int-MOTEL ROOM.night

Jordan, faraway in dreamsville, his angelic boy-features serene in the blue dimness. His mouth, wide open SNORING, is weirdly, silently filled by the long, cold metal shaft of a rifle barrel...

Awaking abruptly, gagging, he sees

HIS POV
following the receding one-point perspective of the gun barrel to the scary Whataburger CASHIER, lit low-angle ala Freddy Krueger, his face covered with demonic voodoo-ish warpaint.

BACK TO SCENE
Jordan stares at the waking nightmare, his teeth involuntarily CHATTERING against the shaft of metal i his mouth.

CASHIER
Where is she? Where is my little dandelion flower??

Jordan can't answer - even if his vocal cords weren't petrified with terror, he does have a fucking gun shoved down his throat after all.

CASHIER
Tell me where she is or you'll have a mangled stump in place of that fairy face o' yours.

Jordan swallows a big gulp of saliva collecting, almost chokes on it.

CASHIER
(the screws practically popping out of his ears)
TELL ME WHERE SHE IS, YOU FUCKING SLIMY PIECE OF QUEERBAIT!

AMY (OS)
I'm right here, lovebucket.

The Cashier whips around and sees Amy standing there in the luminous backlit doorway, looking positively ethereal (actually, she looks alot like the girl from Dead Can Dance in the "Lonely Is An Eyesore" video)...

Momentarily stunned by Amy's transcendental beauty, the Cashier allows the shotgun to slip from Jordan's aching mouth.

CASHIER
(awestruck)
My honeysuckle rose...

Letting the gun drop to his side, he walks in a trancelike state towards Amy who waits for him, arms outstretched in a pool of romantic blue light.

AMY
I missed you so much, darling...

Her hands on his arms, she slowly rotates him around as if in a surrealistic waltz. The Cashier's head spins with unadulterated love and adoration.

AMY
You know I could never live without you, my bumpkins...
(leaning in, her succulent lips practically touching his)
I've been dreaming of this moment for months...

Amy suddenly rams her knee into the Cashier's swelling crotch as hard as she can, then belts him acros the jaw. Xavier,WAILING like a fucking banshee, pounces on the poor guy from behind. As they bat for control of the shotgun ,we should start getting a strange feeling of deja vu...

Amy pulls Jordan (who's still not sure whether he's having a bad dream or what) from the bed.

AMY
Come on!

JORDAN
(looking around frantic for)
My pants....

AMY
Jordan...

She pushes Jordan who wraps himself in a blanket (which he trips on), towards the door.

XAVIER
(locked in combat with the Cashier)
Start the car...!

CASHIER
(to Amy, utterly desperate)
My babycakes! My cuddlemuffin!! Don't leave me again!!!

Amy shoots one last look at the fanatically obsessed Cashier.

AMY
Get a fuckin life, dogbreath.

She and Jordan make a run for it.

cut t

ext-MOTEL PARKING LOT.night

Through the illuminated circles of the pickup's headlamps, Amy and Jordan flee, Jordan's blanket flapping wildly in the wind.

cut t

int-TORINO.night

They pile into the frontseat, SLAMMING the doors. Amy starts the engine with a mighty ROAR.

They sit there a second, waiting for Xavier, catching their breath. Jordan, wrapped in his blanket, look like Meryl Streep in ***The French Lieutenant's Woman.***

JORDAN
Ever feel like reality is more twisted than dreams?

Amy is too weary to do any more than give him a deadpan look.

SUDDENLY
There's a(nother) shotgun BLAST, followed by a bloodcurdling SCREAM.

AMY
Not again.

Both she and Jordan stare out the grimy windshield at

THEIR POV
Xavier running towards them. He's got something attached to his right bicep, which we SEE as he gets closer is the Cashier's arm, just his fucking bloody ARM. He can't seem to get the reflexively-gripping limb off - it's like some extraterrestrial parasite. Behind him, like a nightmare apparition, the Cashier comes staggering out, his arm socket spewing out rhythmic geysers of red goop.

BACK TO SCENE
Amy and Jordan stunned by what they're seeing: it's just too horrific to be real.

The SLAM of the cardoor as Xavier dives into the backseat jolts them out of their stupor.

XAVIER
(frantically trying to get the arm off)
Jam on it, girlfriend!

AMY
Get that fucking thing out of my car!!

XAVIER
I'm tryin'!!! What d'you think--

He finally manages to yank the creepy thing off and opening the door, he hurls it out. It hits the Cashier who's coming at them like a ***Dawn of the Dead*** zombie. Xavier barely gets his door closed and locke before the Cashier throws his body against Xavier's window, his pulsating blood splashing all over the glass.

XAVIER
GODFUCKINGDAMNIT, AMY! WOULD YOU KINDLY TROMP ON THE FUCKING GAS PEDAL?!!!

Amy shuts her eyes like she's on a rollercoaster about to plunge and smashes the accelerator to the floor

ext-MOTEL PARKING LOT.night

The Cashier slumps to the ground as the Torino fishtails, kicking up gravel as it peels away into the inky darkness.

The Cashier's face, illuminated by the harsh glare of his truck's blazing headlights, is contorted with pai as in the FG of the wide-angle SHOT, his arm continues spasmodically convulsing.

CASHIER
(eyes brimming with tears)
You are my Sunshine... My darling Sunshine... You make me happy when skies are grey...

cut t

BLACK (4 seconds)

CASHIER (OS)
(continuing over, as he breathes his last)
...You'll never know how much I love you... Just don't take my Sunshine away...

cut to

DRIVING POV.night

Past an all-litup miniature golf course. Totally surreal fairytale castles and rocketships glowing in the universal blackness. Creepy COIL-ish TRANCE-DANCE throbs over the car stereo.

AMY (OS)
What is with you? Do you have to kill someone every fuckin time we stop the car?!

int-TORINO
The threesome speeding along, Amy tensely dragging on a direly-needed cig.

XAVIER
Well, pardon me for rescuing your ingrate ass twice in the same night, you fuckin furry tuna taco.

AMY
You don't care about anything, do you? You have no guilt, no remorse. You **murdered** two people tonight. Doesn't that faze you at all?

XAVIER
(staring her in the eye)
Yeah. I'm bummed. To the max.

Amy glares at him as Jordan, wrapped in his Meryl Streep blanket, sneezes.

XAVIER
(continuing, cool as a psychotic cucumber)
But it's not like I've never done it before.

AMY
Excuse me?

JORDAN
(looking at Xavier with a mix of fear and fascination)
How many people've you...?

XAVIER
(shrugs, nonchalant)
Just a few. 'n' all of 'em deserved it, or wore a uniform, or both...

Amy rolls her eyes.

XAVIER
Like the first, this ugly sow of a parking cop. Y'know how they're so full of themselves, they got their fuckin badge, they think they're all bad. Well, this one lardass cunt tickets me for bein' in a red zone for like ten seconds. So I'm there in the street arguin' with her 'n' she's just smiling, smug as shit, writin' me up...

JORDAN

How old were you?

XAVIER

Eighteen. No, seventeen... Finally, I just full-on **lost** it. I grabbed the bitch by her kinky 'fro and started poundin' her head into the hood of her nice white Parking Pig-mobile. Then I closed the door on her skull a buncha times till she was dead. La Mort. History.

JORDAN

No way...

XAVIER

Way, dude. There was blood fuckin everywhere. All over me, the car, her little pink ticket book...

Amy shakes her head, not believing a word.

XAVIER

All these people were gathered around watchin'... 'n' y'know what? Nobody lifted a finger to stop me. In fact, a couple of 'em even started applaudin', rootin' me on...

AMY
(scowling)

God, take a reality pill.

XAVIER

Hey, I still got the scar...
(holds up his left hand as a display)
Teethmarks from where the bitch bit me.

Jordan carefully examines the scar, which is like the faint impression of a butterfly on his skin. Amy turns away; she's had enough for one night. Xavier kicks back, grinning like a happy demon.

XAVIER

Shit, I tell you, those cops are like goddamned savage animals...

They drive on.

fade t

BLACK (3 seconds)

hard cut t

ext-STOP 'N' GO.the next morning

Another blazing, blinding day. The sun shines like a big, all-revealing eye. The Torino slowly grumbles into the gravel lot.

int-TORINO.morning

Amy (in way chic Antonioni-esque sunglasses) cuts the engine, turns to Xavier who's in back, picking flakes of dried blood off his bare torso. (Jordan is asleep next to her, curled up infantlike in his swaddling blanket.)

AMY
(holds her hand out to Xavier, sullen)
Gimme some money.

All Xavier gives her is a wry, sly look.

AMY
(not in the mood for games)
Gimme some fuckin money or I'll tear your face off with my bare hands.

XAVIER
(smiling, pushing her buttons)
Greedy capitalist wench.

He fishes a bloodcaked twenty out of his jeans which Amy snatches away faster than a cobra.

AMY
(a sickly sweet smirk)
Thanks, hon.

She exits. Xavier watches her go like a fox. Resumes removing the blood flakes from his skin...

cut t

int-STOP'N'GO.morning

Oversized CU
Three titanic styrofoam cups filled to the brim with black java. Amy's trembling hands pour in about a zillion of those teeny half-and-halfs which create cool Jackson Pollackesque patterns as they dissipate in the hot brown liquid.

Then she adds about a dozen sweet'n'lows and sucks down the life-giving brew, like a junkie getting a fix. She lids the coffees and gathers them and their breakfasts - garish pink snowballs, primary-colored candybars, gummi bears, BBQ porkrinds, etc. Takes all the shit to the register.

The grouchy-looking IRANIAN CLERK with a turban on his head listlessly rings up her tab. She adds pak of Hi-NRG Multi-Vitamins to the heap. Two paks. The register goes BEEP BEEP BEEP.

Amy decides at the last minute to also get an order of plastic-cheezefood-coated Nachos (which are rotating in a crematoriumlike display case/oven).

AMY
(pointing)
...'n' some Nachos.

BEEP BEEP. The Clerk sets a tray of the orange and yellow things on the counter.

CLERK
Six sixty six.

Crunching a goo-covered chip, Amy fishes out the blood-crusted bill. The Clerk takes it and makes change, oblivious.

jarring cut

VIDEO POV
Omniscient HIGH-ANGLE view of the transaction as seen through the all-watching eye of the Big Brotherish behind-the-counter CAMERA.

AMY
(taking her change)
Thanks.

She collects her stuff and is out the door.

cut t

int-TORINO.morning

(CUT on the cardoor SLAM) Amy sits, distributes the goods. Finally semi-awake, Jordan's already got stogie smoldering between his lips.

JORDAN
All hail the Coffee and Cigarette God.

He proceeds to likewise pour tons of cream and (real) sugar into his java. Amy hands a coffee to Xavier (who, being a man (or at least over 21), drinks his black).

XAVIER
Where's my change?

AMY
(getting a cig for herself)
Drop dead, dunghead.

Jordan lights Amy's cigarette as Xavier scavenges through the cache of junkfood.

XAVIER
No Zagnut bars?

AMY
(matter-of-factly)
Life is a chewy shit sandwich.

She drags on her cig and as the caffeine and nicotine hit her bloodstream, she suddenly feels all peacefu

AMY
Well, what now?

XAVIER
Go fetch me some Zagnut bars, wench.

AMY
Fuck you.

XAVIER
(tearing into a Snowball)
You already have.

Amy, exhaling a stream of smoke, looks at Xavier who's chewing on a mouthful of pink coconut ooze.

AMY

What?

XAVIER

Fucked me.

Jordan is confused, munching on a handful of nachos. Amy glares at Xavier then all of a sudden SLAPS him hard across the face.

XAVIER

OW.

AMY

You are **such** the prick.

XAVIER
(to Jordan)

Yeah, well, that's not exactly how she phrased it last night.

AMY

You think you're funny? You're not. You're **pathetic.**

Jordan, still not sure what they're talking about, continues chowing down as Xavier begins stroking the tip of his nose with the length of his index finger. He inhales dreamily, runs his tongue along it, like it's loaded gun.

XAVIER
(offering his extended finger to Jordan)

Sniff my finger.

Jordan looks at Xavier, puzzled.

XAVIER

Go ahead. Sniff my finger 'n' tell me it doesn't smell like your little girlfriend's sweet juicy snatch.

Outraged, Amy lunges for Xavier, her claws outstretched. Food goes flying everywhere.

AMY

I'm gonna STRANGLE you!!!

Xavier laughs hysterically like he's demented. He grabs Amy tight by the wrists, obviously delighted by her fury as she struggles.

AMY

—I HATE YOU-I HATE YOU-I HATEYOU!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

She spits in Xavier's face and breaks free, fleeing from the car, practically in tears. Jordan, still chewing just watches the entire spectacle, befuddled.

cut t

ext-STOP'N'GO.morning

Amy runs across the parking lot, through a vacant, overgrown field behind the market.

She pauses at an industrial-looking, graffiti-scrawled DWP water main to fumblingly light another cigarette with her shaking hands. She pulls the carcinogenic smoke deep into her young lungs.

After a beat and a half, Jordan comes over (still wrapped in his blanket, he now looks more like one of the Sandpeople in ***Star Wars***).

JORDAN

—Hi.

Amy doesn't say anything, paces around, puffing tensely on her cig. Jordan sits down on one of the big cold rusty pipes.

AMY

He's a liar. Y'know that, don't you?

Jordan shrugs.

JORDAN

It doesn't matter.

Amy adjusts her Monica Vitti darkglasses. Takes another drag.

AMY

Imean, even if I **did** get together with him, and this isn't saying I did or anything, but **if** I did, y'know that it wouldn't actually **mean** anything... Imean, y'know that I really only love you, right?

Jordan just looks at her a minute. Drags on his own cigarette.

JORDAN

yeah.

He smiles a smile that communicates something, everything (or nothing). Then shrugs again.

JORDAN

Whatever, Amy.

He rises to kiss her sweetly on the cheek. They embrace.

AMY

I wish that we could ditch him someplace, Jordan. Just get rid of him and forget he ever existed...

JORDAN

He's not so bad. Imean, he's sorta like us... Lost, like he doesn't fit in...

AMY

—He **scares** me, Jordan. Like I don't know what it is, but there's something...evil about him.

JORDAN

Don't be a cornnut.

(kisses her on the nose)

C'mon, finish your breakfast. Then let's get me some clothes. I feel like a fuckin frat boy in this toga...

Amy smiles. Though still wary, she lets Jordan lead her by the hand back towards the car.

BLACK (2 seconds) cut to

cut to

ext-DESOLATION BLVD.day

The Torino pulls over, parks on the street in front of the local dairy. A Cow floats high in the air suspended on a signpost.

Amy and Xavier step out.

AMY
(to Jordan who, still half-naked, remains in the car)
Be right back.

Tossing her cig to the baking asphalt, Amy marches off with Xavier trailing behind her.

An edgy TRACKING SHOT leads the pair down the deserted street as Xavier struggles to catch up to the fuming Amy.

XAVIER
What's with you? You act like somebody ate your pet hamster.

AMY
(turns, glares at him)
Well, duh.

XAVIER
(Mr. Innocent)
What?

AMY
I am so pissed at you I could rip your testicles off and staple them to your ankles. What the fuck did you have to tell Jordan for?

XAVIER
Tell him what?

AMY
(rolls her eyes)
What d'you **think**, doorknob? That we got together.

XAVIER
(either he's truly hurt or just trying to manipulate her)
What, are you ashamed or something?

Amy stops in her tracks and gapes at him.

AMY
I do not believe you.

XAVIER
(all seductive now)
Well, didn't you utterly dig it?

AMY
That is **not** the point...

XAVIER
What is the point then? Get it: Guilt is for married, old people.

Amy just looks at him.

AMY
You are incredible. You aren't even human, are you?

Xavier just smiles, mysteriouslike.

AMY
You're like a life support system for a cock.

She exits, stepping into a thriftshop. Xavier follows.

cut tc

int-THRIFTSTORE.day

SERIES OF SHOTS

QUICKCUTS as Amy and Xavier try on a variety of er, "fashion statements" assembled from the voluminous vaults of vintage clothing. As the images become increasingly exaggerated and hyper-stylized, the sequence culminates in a flurry of trendy, Euro-*Vogue*-ish STILLS.

intercut with

ext-BOULEVARD.day
Jordan waiting in the car. He lights up another Death cigarette.

cut t

int-TORINO.day

THREESHOT of our heroes rolling down the open highway, all in new-fangled duds. Amy's outfit is (
course) still black, but a bit more 60s mod (patent leather boots, etc). Jordan's is more colorful, kind of trashed skater, baggy shorts, oversized shirt, that look. Xavier has a fuckedup, nuvo-Western "Beers, Steers and Queers" thing happening.

XAVIER
(admiring his cool new belt buckle)
This is so **fuckin** cher. Lookit this thing. Imean, check it out.

Jordan leans over the seat.

JORDAN
Lemmesee.

He examines the buckle, his face hovering really close to Xavier's basket.

HIS POV
A bucking bronco goes up and down as Xavier moves the buckle.

BACK TO SCENE

JORDAN
Wow.

(timidly)
Can I...?

Xavier looks down towards his buckle, smiling. Offers his crotch to Jordan.

XAVIER
Be my guest.

Jordan gingerly grips the buckle, manipulates it for himself. The bronco goes up. Down. Up. Down. Thoroughly fascinated and delighted, he laughs that way a stoner laughs when he sees something really astonishing (e.g. his own bellybutton).

AMY
(blowing her hair off her face, she takes a drag of her cig)
Jesus, it's a fuckin **belt**. Don't tard out over it.

cut to

ext-PAYPHONE ON THE BRINK OF PARCHED NOTHINGNESS.day

Amy leans against the wall by the lonely payphone, hanging on the receiver. Jordan lights her cigarette then his own as she stares off into the distance, bored and annoyed.

AMY
Yeah... yeah, Mom. I'll be back in a couple days...

AMY'S MOM (VO over phone)
I'm looking at the dishes you left in the sink right now, Amy, and let me tell you, it is **not** a pretty sight.

AMY
(losing patience)
I'll do 'em when I get back, **alright**?

AMY'S MOM (VO over phone)
And till then I'm supposed to wait for the Health Department to show up and declare the place uninhabitable, is that it? What about your homework?

AMY
Mom, I graduated last June.

AMY'S MOM (VO over phone)
Oh, that's right.

The CLICK of call waiting is heard.

AMY'S MOM (VO over phone)
Honey, can you hold on for just a second?

Amy waits, irritated. She gives Jordan a look.

AMY'S MOM (VO over phone)
Amy, it's a client. I gotta go.

Amy rolls her eyes. Sighs.

AMY'S MOM (VO over phone)
Bye hon. Make sure and eat now...

AMY
Bye Mom.

She CLACKS down the hangup switch with her left hand, disconnecting the line. Passes the receiver on to Jordan who inserts a quarter and punches in his long-distance code and number.

AMY
(taking a deep drag of her cig)
Why did God invent parents?

JORDAN
Thought you didn't believe in God...

Exhaling a stream of smoke, Amy scowls at him. Jordan looks sheepish for a second, then the line connects.

The impossibly cheery RECORDED VOICE of JORDAN'S MOTHER is heard.

JORDAN'S MOTHER (VO over phone)
Hi, friends and neighbors! You've reached the Whites. We can't come to the phone right now, but please leave a message and we'll be sure to call you right back. Have a terrific day. BEEEEEP.

JORDAN
Hi, uh, Mom, Dad, it's...me... I'm uh, sorta takin' a little vacation with Amy and uh....

CLICK, BZZZZZ. The line goes dead.

JORDAN
(left holding the buzzing receiver)
Fuckin machine hung up on me.

Amy looks at him like "So?".

AMY
(yawns)
I'm thirsty.

cut to

int-ROADSIDER DINER.day

CU
KUNG FU FIGHTER VIDEOGAME in progress, complete with hilarious cheezoid battlecry and kickboxing SOUND FX.

Jordan is playing (with tons of body english) as Amy stands idly smoking beside him. They're in a diner that's flatly, bizarrely lit like Arnold's in "Happy Days". Behind them, there's an incredibly stacked BLONDE shooting pool with a beer-guzzling caveman BIKER. While in the deep-focused BG, Xavier is ordering drinks at the counter.

He checks out the menu overhead.

XAVIER
Two Buds and a DietCoke. Extra-large.

The BARMAID (who has an absolutely tremendous B-52 hairdo) gives Xavier the once-over.

BARMAID
Y'got I.D. there, studly?

She bats her ultralong fake eyelashes at Xavier who smiles coquettishly.

Jordan loses the game, BANGS on the machine with his fist.

JORDAN
Shit.

AMY
(tensely pulling on her cig)
Jordan, we need to talk.

Jordan slips another quarter in.

JORDAN
'bout what?

AMY
(getting pissed (probably her speed's wearing off))
Would you listen to me 'n' forget about that dweeby game for a second?

She stands between him and the videogame.

JORDAN
Hey.

AMY
(refusing to get out of the way)
Jordan...

JORDAN
Sheesh, Amy, what's the national emergency?

AMY
(urgent whisper)
Jordan, kindly pull your head out of your rectal region, will you? We're accessories to two **homicides**. Doesn't that concern you in the fuckin least?!

Jordan looks at her.

JORDAN
(shrugging)
well, yeah...

Jordan stands there for a hapless moment interrupted by

BLONDE (BRANDI)
Kitten? Kitten, is that you?

Amy and Jordan turn to see the statuesque Blonde coming at them.

AMY
(rolling her eyes)
oh God.

BRANDI
Kitten? Don't you recognize me? It's me. Brandi. Your eternal loveslave.

AMY
(not in the mood for this shit again)
Look. Lady, I don't know who you--

BRANDI
(pointing at Jordan)
Has this guy shot you full of dope and brainwashed you like the others??
(grabs Amy by the shoulders, shakes her)
Honeycakes, it's me. Me....

Jordan just watches, stonedlike.

AMY
(struggling to break away)
Let me go--

BRANDI
I know it's you. I can tell by your perfume.
(starts sniffing Amy like a dog would sniff another's butt)

AMY
(a fedup shriek)
GET YOUR FUCKING CLAMMY HANDS OFF ME, YOU CRAZY BITCH!!!

Brandi's Biker companion wraps a heavily tattooed, muscled arm around Jordan's neck to keep him fron interfering. Jordan gulps. Taken aback by Amy's outburst, Brandi pulls a huge SWORD from out of her hip-high boots.

BRANDI
(pointing at Jordan)
He's kidnapped you, hasn't he? And he told you he'd kill you unless you act like you don't know me...

Jordan just gives a "who, me?" look. The Biker tightens his stranglehold.

BRANDI
Well, don't fret, darlin'. Brandi's here now. I'll save you from this heathen...
(lifting her sword)
I'm gonna lop his dick off like a chicken head.

Now Jordan is plain scared shitless. He tries in vain to wriggle out of the Biker's vise-grip.

SUDDENLY
a beer bottle is SHATTERED against the Biker's boulderlike skull. It's Xavier, coming to the rescue once more.

XAVIER
I can't leave you guys alone for a minute, can I?

Jordan gives the Biker a swift kick in the balls as Xavier grabs a nearby pool cue, facing off with Brandi who brandishes her sword like some Amazon samurai.

The scene degenerates into a cheeseball ACTION MONTAGE like Obi Wan and Darth Vader dueling in ***Star Wars*** (or Patrick Swayze barroom-brawling in ***Road House***, for that matter...).

Brandi takes a murderous slice at Xavier.
Xavier counters with a swipe of his pool cue.
Amy tosses a chair at Brandi (which misses).

Jordan punches the Biker across the jaw (and injures his tender hand), then gets a fist in his gut for his trouble. etc.etc.etc...

Then, as if the movie itself is getting bored with all this, the FILM (with the aid of hip OPTICAL EFFECTS) JUMPS OUT OF THE GATE AND BREAKS.

The picture STOPS and there's a totally BLACK SCREEN for 10-15 seconds. This is accompanied by the OS sound of scattered HECKLING and JEERING from an unseen disgruntled audience...

Finally, the film STARTS UP again. Slowly at first, the picture and sound both WARBLING, DISTORTING, taking a second or two to get up to full-speed. The action resumes with Amy, Jordan an Xavier scurrying for the door, knocking stuff over on their way out.

This is followed by an Eisensteinian REACTION SHOT, a CU of the B-52ed Barmaid SCREAMING with horror.

The Biker is spread-eagle on the pool table, with Brandi's sword inadvertantly buried up to the hilt right smack dab in his crotch. He's going through his obligatory death spasms as blood comes spurting out like wild red ejaculations. Brandi stands over him, looking on helplessly.

BRANDI
(tears streaming down)
Bruce. Oh God, Bruce... I'm sorry... But that was Kitten. I **know** it. I know it was her...

Bruce makes his final GLUG-GLUG and expires.

BRANDI
Bitch. I'm gonna find her... And I'm gonna kill her.

cut t

DRIVING POV.day

The industrial wasteland plains barrelling by.

AMY (OS)
This is getting fuckin ridiculous.

XAVIER (OS)
Hey, have you ever seen this old movie called ***Eat My Dust?***

int-TORINO.day
Xavier sandwiched between the crabby Amy and the peaked-looking Jordan.

JORDAN
(getting blasted by air from the window)
I think I'm gonna barf.

He leans out of the speeding car and does.

XAVIER
(continuing, oblivious)
It's got that Ron Howard guy in it - y'know, he was Opie on the old "Andy Griffith Show" and Richie on "Happy Days", and now he directs movies like ***Backdraft*** and ***Parenthood.***
(he starts cracking up)
Well, I know this girl who bumped uglies with him once...

Amy turns to look at him, half furious, half baffled.

AMY
What the **fuck** are you talking about?

XAVIER
Ron Howard. This friend of mine from Sherman Oaks did him and get this: he's like maximally kinky. Like he digs getting shit on 'n' stuff...

AMY
What?

XAVIER
The dude is into chicks making a chocolate log deposit on his face.

AMY
(shrieking)
Shut **up**!

XAVIER
No, really, he gets off on it.

Jordan looks at Xavier who's totally busting up.

JORDAN
I think I'm gonna barf again.
(he leans out the window and does (again))

XAVIER
(gleeful)
It's like he just opens wide 'n' goes "aaaaaaaaahh"...

AMY
WOULD YOU PLEASE JUST SHUT UP FOREVER?!

Xavier grins as Jordan gulps in the rushing air and Amy tightens her white-knuckled grip on the steeringwheel.

crossfade t

ext-MOTEL.evening

Establishing. Another BUZZING sign, this one featuring a neon diver doing a graceful one-and-a-half-gainer into a neon blue splash.

cut t

int-BATHROOM.evening

HIGH-ANGLE of Xavier sprawled out, soaking his lean, mean sex-machine bod in the coral pink tub. Guzzling a Bud, he sings along, loudly, offkey to the crackly AM RADIO (Olivia Newton-John's "I Honestly Love You").

He's soaping himself, his dipstick lovingly. He's considering masturbating, debating the pros and cons. He begins stroking himself; it feels good (all sudsy and slippery), but we CUT AWAY before he decide: whether he wants to finish himself off or save it for later...

cut t

int-MOTEL BEDROOM.evening

Amy and Jordan lie together on the tacky gold bedspread, sharing a joint in the light of the ugly lamp. She's pressed up soft behind him (in the "male" position), her chin on his shoulder.

AMY
(almost maternal, handing him the j)
Feeling better?

JORDAN
(managing to nod)
mmh.

He takes a hit, settles against her, all warm and comfortable.

JORDAN
This's so nice. Lying here like two spoons stacked in a drawer....

Amy takes the joint back and has another drag.

JORDAN
... I hope we die simultaneously, like in a fiery car wreck or nuclear bomb-blast or something.

AMY
(looking into his twinkling eyes)
You are so romantic.

JORDAN
No, for reals. I don't ever wanna have to miss you.

Amy takes a disorienting dip into the swimming pools of Jordan's dilated pupils. Smiles.

AMY
Ditto.

Finishing the joint, Amy puts it out in a nearby seashell ashtray. Then she leans over and starts kissing him forcefully, which gets both their teenage hormones raging. Their clothes begin coming off...

Amy pushes Jordan down on the mattress, totally taking charge. She licks the tip of his nose with her pink tongue and brings her lips to his, but stops just short of actually kissing him.

AMY
(a breathy whisper)

Take it out.

Jordan, a bit taken aback but very aroused by her aggressiveness, hesitates a second. Then complies.

AMY
(looking down at his OS dick then staring him back in the eye)

Stroke it.

Jordan does. Excited.

AMY

Squeeze it.

Jordan does.

AMY
(wicked smile)

Harder.

Jordan does. Lets out a little sigh.

AMY
(devilishly)

Look at it.

Jordan does. (By now he's **really** horny.) Amy presses her body against his.

AMY

Put it in.

Jordan moves his lower body towards hers but she pulls away.

AMY
(utterly evil)

...when I say OK.

She tantalizes him for several moments of pure, exquisite agony. (And it's clear that they're both way into this excruciating little game of sexual powerplaying).

Then finally...

AMY
(as seductively fuckable as an 18 year old nymphet
can be - which is pretty fucking seductively fuckable)

O.....K.

Jordan plunges into her and they go at it with wild abandon, practically busting the bedsprings. Jordan makes mewing sounds like those kittens in animal testing labs.

slow, slooooow crossfade t

int-MOTEL ROOM.later that night

HIGH-ANGLE OVERHEAD of Amy and Jordan, lying there naked, upsidedown, spent in the trashed sheets. They both stare at the ceiling, smoking their requisite post-coital cigarettes.

JORDAN
Don't you think sex is totally strange?

AMY
(after a very long slow drag)
uh huh.

JORDAN
Imean, just the whole **idea** of it, this tube of flesh gets stiff and inserted in these warm, squishy places...

Amy blows a series of smokerings which drift slowly upwards.

AMY
I think maybe it's more powerful than we'd like it to be...

JORDAN
(exhaling a lazy stream of smoke)
It's fuckin trippy, that's for sure.

AMY
It's kinda like eating spaghetti.

JORDAN
(laughs, looks at her)
Why?

Amy just shrugs, like she doesn't know. Jordan smiles.

JORDAN
You are so great.
(gives her a tender kiss on the forehead)
Hey, that reminds me. I'm hongry.

AMY
(lying back in the warm covers)
You're **always** "hongry".

Jordan rolls out of bed, starts pulling on his pants (sans underwear).

JORDAN
That's cuz I'm a growin' boy... I'm gonna walk to the AM/PM 'n' get some Shrimp McNuggets or something. Want anything?

AMY
More cigarettes.

JORDAN
("husband" voice)
"Yes, dear"...

He smiles at Amy as he pulls his shirt on. Amy just looks at him, noticing how unearthly gorgeous he is backlit against the chintzy motel lamp.

AMY

Hey.

Jordan pauses. Then comes over, his perfect profile entering her CU. Amy kisses his chin, which by now is shadowed with pubescent peach-fuzz.

AMY

I love you, fucker.

Jordan beams. Kisses Amy back, once on each eyelid.

JORDAN

Me too, fucker.

They kiss some more, smile some more, then he splits.

Amy is left lounging in the wrecked bed. She blows a spiral of smoke towards the ceiling and watches i gradually dissipate.

cut tc

BLACK (2 seconds)

cut tc

int-MOTEL ROOM.later that night

TV
Some wacked-out, heavily perspiring BORN-AGAIN PREACHER and his hideous WIFE hollering for holy handouts.

In the dimness, Amy lies crosswise on the bed in her panties (no top). Zombie-staring at the glowing screen, she blows a gumbubble and sucks on a Bud.

Xavier emerges backlit from the bathroom, draping a loosely hung towel around his dripping, lovegod-supreme bod. Also quaffing a beer, he announces his presence with a belch.

AMY
(not even bothering to look up)

Pig.

Xavier stands over her, next to the bed. Looks towards the luminscent blue TV.

XAVIER

Whatchawatchin'?

Amy shrugs, too bored to even reply. She sits up in the messy sheets. Puts her cigarette out in an oozing, empty carton of Haagen Dasz.

AMY

Hey. C'mere.

Xavier sits beside her on the bed, the towel modestly covering his dick like a tarpaulin.

AMY

Closer.

He edges his way over, managing to keep his towel on, till he's right beside her.

AMY
(innocently wicked)

I wanna play a game.

She reaches out and places her hands around his warm, still moist neck.

AMY

I'm gonna start counting. If you crack a smile before I get to eight, I get to strangle you. If you don't, I have to do anything you say.

XAVIER
(grinning, clearly up to the challenge)

Alright.

It's a test. A battle of intimidation between the hardheaded pair. (It's also, of course, outrageously erotic.)

AMY
(beginning the countdown)

one.
two.....
...three.....

They're staring each other dead square in the eye. A contest of their twin stubborn wills...

AMY

four.
five..... six...
.....seven...
.....seven-and-a-half.....

Xavier breaks out into a huge, very sexy grin (it's like he totally wants to lose).

XAVIER
(offering his throat, in another, more dangerous game)

You win. Go ahead.

Amy looks at him: his eyes are wild with anticipation. It's like the very idea of her killing him excites the hell out of him - and it gets her pretty hot too.

She slooooowly begins tightening her grip around his larynx and he doesn't flinch at all - it's apparent that he's testing her limits, daring her. Amy meets his challenge and squeezes tighter...

His oxygen decreasing, his head growing light, Xavier still will not back down. Neither does Amy. In fact, she's getting into it. They're both into it. And they're both totally, amazingly turned on by it...

Finally, at the very last possible moment before Xavier would lose consciousness, Amy releases her hol and kisses him with terrifying passion, knocking him down on the bed.

XAVIER
(choking for air)

...you chickenshit bitch.....

They go at each other voraciously.

cut t

int-AM/PM.night

VIDEO POV
Another HIGH-ANGLE omnipotent CAMERA-EYE watching as Jordan removes his shrimp nuggets from the BUZZING microwave. He pops one of the piping hot things into his mouth, strolls over to pay the OS CASHIER.

(FILM) Jordan, at the counter, notices a display of glow-in-the-dark YOYOS next to the register.

JORDAN
... 'n' I'll take one of these too.

He picks out a yoyo.

OS CASHIER
Six sixty six.

Jordan hands over a crumpled, bloodstained bill. Pops another shrimp nugget.

JORDAN
(collecting his change)
Thanks. Have a good night.

He gives a polite smile and exits the store.

cut t

ext-AM/PM.night

He steps out into the tepid night beneath the garish overhead fluorescents. Chewing on greasy shrimp, h looks around at his desolate surroundings. Takes his yoyo out of the box. Plays with it. It goes up and down a few times. He pops another shrimp nugget and disappears into the inky darkness.

back t

int-MOTEL ROOM.night

Amy and Xavier totally engulfed in their delirious debauchery. They part, gasping for breath as they plummet into the infinite depths of each other's eyes.

XAVIER
hey...

AMY
hey what?

XAVIER
D'you wanna... would you....

AMY

What?

XAVIER

What would you say if I asked you to...

(really sexily licking her chin)

... suck my cock?...

Amy cracks up, a bit nervous.

AMY

... d'you want me to?

Xavier closes his long-lashed eyes, imagining...

XAVIER

(the syllables dreamily floating from his full lips)

uh huh.

Amy is a hostage of his sexual magnetism and her own desire.

AMY

I want to. I really do...

XAVIER

(super-seductive)

....yeah?

AMY

Only....

XAVIER

...only what?...

AMY

I, uh...

(as she looks away and actually blushes, it becomes heartbreakingly apparent what a little girl she really is)

.... I never... I've never done 'that' before.

Xavier grins, utterly delighted.

XAVIER

It's alright. I don't mind beginners.

(looking towards his (of course OS) cock)

...and neither does he.

Amy laughs, her uncomfortable awkwardness relieved. Xavier holds her angelic face in his hands like a priest giving communion.

XAVIER

Just take it slooooooowly....

(he ever-so-softly kisses her lips)

... and enjoy yourself.

Amy looks into his penetrating gaze, quivering with anticipation. She inexorably sinks lower, out of the frame as Xavier shuts his eyes and suspends his breath.....

CU
Xavier's face as he savors each and every mindblowing sensation. This goes on for several awesomely pleasurable moments until he reaches down and grabs Amy by the hair, lifting her face back up to his. H kisses her ferociously.

Out of breath, they're fighting for space in a super-tight TWOSHOT.

XAVIER
I love being able to taste my own cock in your mouth.

They kiss again, going for it, heading towards a mutual orgasm that will blow the moon out of orbit. Only Xavier suddenly hesitates.

AMY
(hardly wanting to stop now)
...what?....what is it?

XAVIER
What's Jordan's like?

AMY
What?

XAVIER
Y'know, his engorged member. His tumescent love missle. His throbbing purple meat scepter.

AMY
(laughing)
Why d'you wanna know?

XAVIER
I dunno.
(he very erotically licks her lips)
I'm curious.

AMY
(embarrassed like)
It's...alright, it's fine.

XAVIER
What d'you mean 'fine'? Is it the size of vienna sausage or like a baby's arm? Is it cut, uncut? Does it lean to the left, right, in a southeasterly direction? Is it curved, straight, split in half, shaped like a fuckin corkscrew, what?

Amy laughs.

AMY
What difference does it make to you?

XAVIER
Does he plunge it into you deep and long and slow like this?...
(demonstrating with his own pelvis)
——... Or quick and short and shallow like a jackrabbit?
(another demonstration)

Amy, by now, is totally busting up.

XAVIER
Does he make noises like this?...
(starts grunting like a pig)
... Or this?
(growls like a grizzly bear in heat)
Oh, I know. I bet he's a whimperer.
("ooo-ooo-oooo"ing like a girly virgin)

AMY
(between laughing fits)
Would you kindly stop babbling and fuck me already?

cut t

ext-MOTEL ROOM.night

Outside, peering through the dirty window, Jordan watches Amy and Xavier madly copulating. Crouching there in the shadows, still gripping the glowing yoyo, he finds himself inevitably, inexplicab turned on. He furtively looks around, then undoes his pants, taking his own thing out. Of course, it's s dark that we can't really see anything - except for the phosphorescent yoyo going up and down - slowly at first then gradually faster and faster...

interc

SERIES OF SHOTS

Amy, Xavier and Jordan framed in increasingly tight, sweaty CUs which build, build, build in intensity until they simultaneously reach an absolutely stupendous, godhead climax.

cut t

BLACK (4 seconds) (phew.)

SOUND PULLOVER
OS footsteps, crunching on dirt, trompling over grass...

cut t

ext-AN UTTERLY BLEAK VACANT LOT.night

His figure tiny in the immense frame, Jordan slowly trudges across a vast field of dead grass, playing with his fluorescent yoyo beneath a skyful of icy blue stars.

It's an image of indescribable, melancholy beauty. A weird, sad, transcendent moment.

crossfade

int-MOTEL ROOM.still later that night

It's way, way late (as in the darkness before the dawn).

The door opens, real slowly, like whoever's doing the opening is trying be as silent as possible (though the hinges CREAK uncooperatively).

Jordan peers in.

HIS POV
Amy, in bed, waiting up for him. Wearing nothing except a really old Front 242 t-shirt (his). She's pensively chainsmoking, blankly watching a Hair Club For Men COMMERCIAL with the sound off. Beside her, Xavier is totally conked out, SNORING loudly and rhythmically. She looks up, her eyes meeting Jordan's.

BACK TO SCENE
Jordan comes in, quietly shuts the door.

AMY
(exhales a stream of smoke)
Where you been?

Jordan looks at the yoyo still in his sweaty palm.

JORDAN
(a barely audible murmur)
Nowhere.

AMY
I was worried about you, dufus.

Jordan shrugs.

JORDAN
Sorry.

A frozen, awkward moment. They're both weirded out, unsure of what to say...
Finally, Amy wearily sighs.

AMY
Come over here.

Jordan, very slowly, does. He sits on the mattress next to her. There's more uncomfortable silence.

AMY
(a fumbling explanation)
Y'know...just because he and I...
(indicates the snoring Xavier)
It doesn't mean that I'm like really all that...whatever....

JORDAN
(they speak the same inarticulate quasi-language))
I know.

They look at one another and smile.

Amy takes Jordan in her arms and gently pushes Xavier's inert form over which reduces the decibel leve of his snoring at least a little. Then she and Jordan curl up for the night, huddling together like two scare kids stranded in the snow.

long, romantic fade tc

BLACK (3 seconds)

cut tc

A harsh, jarring SERIES OF SHOTS

Blurry, grainy STILLS of Amy and Jordan each buying food, supplies, etc. Blown up from in-store video-surveillance camera footage, the images have an unsettling, hostage-photo quality to them. More STILLS, of the bloodstained money. Extreme CUs of their red, crusty fingerprints.

GODLIKE AUTHORITARIAN VO
This is the currency we've linked to the December 17th QuickieMart robbery/homicide in Tarzana...

A MAP OF CALIFORNIA appears. Red spots form a connect-the-dots trail like zits on a pubescent face

GODLIKE AUTHORITARIAN VO
Bills have been recovered from 7-11s, AM/PM Minimarts and fastfood establishments throughout the state. The suspects - a paramilitary brigade of three youths, two males, one female - appear to be on a freewheeling crime spree heading north. We've run a fingerprint check through the Mother Computer in DC and thusfar have ID'd one of the suspects...

A PHOTO of Amy appears - so blurry, degenerated and out-of-focus, it could pass for the arty, enigmat cover of a This Mortal Coil record.

GODLIKE AUTHORITARIAN VO
Amy Blue. Age: eighteen. Height: five-one. Weight: ninetytwo pounds. Hair and Eyes: Dark Brown. Cumulative SAT score: six-hundred, sixtysix...

The slide show over, the lights come up and we

cut t

int-CONFERENCE ROOM.day

It could be FBI Headquarters or the meeting room of the Elks Club.

A SCARY FBI GUY - wearing an eyepatch, thumping a pointer stick in the palm of his hand - looms over the solid oak table, resembling a junior high principal or your local child-molesting politician.

FBI GUY (owner of AUTHORITARIAN VO)
... Should be considered armed and dangerous. Amy Blue. Gentlemen, I want you to find her. And if necessary... Kill her.

cut t

int-MOTEL ROOM.day

CU
Amy's doll-like face looking utterly radiant as she slumbers, suffused in the hazy sunlight.

PULLBACK revealing Jordan, still in his rumpled clothes, awake in the messy bed, watching Amy and Xavier sleep. The room, all moody, mysterious and foreboding by night, is just gross and cheaplooking in the harsh glare of day.

Leaning over, Jordan gently nuzzles the side of Amy's face, nibbling on her ear. She stirs which makes him smile. Her eyes flicker open.

JORDAN
g'morning.

He goes to kiss her puffy lips.

AMY
(pulling away)
Don't kiss me. My breath is like totally skanky.

He smiles, kisses her anyway.

AMY
blecch. Wait till I brush my teeth.

He looks at her, his eyes filled with love (or some reasonable facsimile thereof).

JORDAN
Hey. Know what?

AMY
What?

JORDAN
This is the first time we've ever slept together **and** woken up together. In a real bed, Imean...

Amy has to smile at this.

AMY
You are the bright red cherry on top of my sundae.
(gives him a peck on the forehead)
Goofball.

She goes to get out of bed, climbing over Xavier who's likewise just awakening.

XAVIER
(her elbow in his eye)
OWfuck...

AMY
(vigorously mussing his already fucked up hair)
Rise and shine, monkeybutt.

Xavier moans, way hungover. Amy pops out of bed and makes her way towards the john, leaving him writhing in the sheets.

XAVIER
(rubbing his pounding temples)
ooooooooooooooohhhhhhhhhh...fuck.

Jordan leans over, starts singing in his ear, tormenting him.

JORDAN
"Here comes the sun, here comes the sun"...

XAVIER
(burying his head under his pillow)
I have died and gone to hell for my sins.

JORDAN
C'mon, man. It's the Dawning of A Brand New Day.

Xavier removes the pillow from his face and looks Jordan squarely in the eye.

XAVIER
Suck my stump to a bloody lump.

He reaches for his morning cigarette.

XAVIER
(lights up and passes the pack to Jordan)
S'what happened last night? A Mayonaisse-on-twat?

JORDAN
(having a bit of difficulty getting his cig lit)
huh?

XAVIER
(exhaling smoke)
A Mayo-on-twat. Y'know, a three-way. A double-stuff E.T. finger-touch...

JORDAN
What?

Xavier stretches the kinks out of his lithe, naked, muscular body.

XAVIER
Y'know in ***E.T.*** where the kid and E.T. touch fingers and go "ouch"...
(performs a demonstration with his index fingers)

JORDAN
(smiles bashfully)
Shit, you musta been wasted...

XAVIER
(takes a pull of his cig)
Ever done that?

JORDAN
Y'mean like have sex with two people at the same time?

XAVIER
(suddenly all velvety seductive)
uh huh.

Jordan blushes (now he really is embarrassed).

JORDAN

no...

XAVIER

(like he's telling a dark secret)

It is the fucking **best,** man.

(his eyes lock onto Jordan's and won't let go)

You start building up this momentum, this rhythm, y'know like a piston engine... And as you're all poundin' away, your balls are slappin' against the other guy's 'n' you can actually **feel** his cock through the girl's insides...

Jordan, hanging on Xavier's every sex-soaked word, swallows, like gulp.

XAVIER

I tell you, it is absolutely...

(the syllables drift out of his mouth like smokerings)

... cat... a... clys... mic.

Jordan is like a bird being hypnotized by a snake that's about to swallow him whole. But the OS toilet FLUSHES, breaking the spell, and Amy re-enters the room.

AMY

(looking around for her panties)

What're you two homos gabbing about now?

Jordan, feeling somehow guilty and weird, looks to Xavier who pulls Amy's black panties out from under his bare ass.

XAVIER

Lookin' for these?

AMY

(reaching for them)

Thanks.

Xavier snatches them away at the last minute. And sniffs 'em.

AMY

(horrified)

Grotus!

He puts the panties on his head and starts bounding around nude on the bed, BARKING like a dog.

AMY

You fuckface....!.....

Jordan, kicking back in the bed, watches Amy chase the barking Xavier around the room like it's some Keystone Kops one-reeler.

JORDAN

(a stoner smile on his face)

You are cracked, man.

cut

DRIVING POV.day

The pastoral countryside rolling by. An auto graveyard piled high with twisted, rusting metal corpses. Something hard like 1000 HOMO DJs' "Hey Asshole" blasting on the stereo.

XAVIER (VO)
I had the freakiest fuckin dream last night.

int-TORINO.day
Amy, Xavier and Jordan consuming their on-the-road breakfast of coffee and Oreos.

JORDAN
Yeah? What was it about?

Xavier munches on a cookie, the wind blowing his hair.

XAVIER
I forget. I just remember it was really freaky...

He pops another Oreo into his mouth. Amy gives him a "what-ever" look. A beat.

XAVIER
Have either of you ever had sex with an animal?

AMY
What??

Jordan busts up.

XAVIER
Have either of you done it with an animal?

AMY
(smirk)
Just you.

XAVIER
Har har har. No, really...

JORDAN
Have you?

XAVIER
Well, when I was a kid, we had this golden retriever named 'Honey'...

AMY
I do **not** want to hear any more of this story.

XAVIER
What, she was a consenting adult...

Amy rolls her eyes, closing the subject to further discussion as Xavier chews on a mouthful of Oreo. They drive in silence for another beat.

JORDAN
I fucked a cantaloupe once.

cut t

BLACK (2 seconds)

· cut tc

DRIVING POV.later that day

Past a nuclear power plant, throbbing like the heartbeat of the Apocalypse Monster. More industrial CLANG-AND-BANG on the radio.

JORDAN (VO)
This song always reminds me of Scooter...

int-TORINO.day
Jordan gazing out his window; Xavier nursing a Bud; Amy smoking a cig.

XAVIER
(after a big gulp)
Who's Scooter?

JORDAN
He was like my best friend all through high school. One day he brought a gun to physics class and told everyone he was gonna shoot himself in the bathroom. And he did.

AMY
(explaining)
He was always depressed, always pulling shit like that, so nobody believed him.

XAVIER
(looks first at Amy, then at Jordan)
oh.
(he takes another swig of beer)

Jordan keeps staring into the distance like he's floating a million miles away.

JORDAN
Death's funny. Like at first, it's all weird 'n' you're bummed 'n' shit - like this person you're used to hangin' out with all of sudden doesn't like exist anymore.
(looks at Xavier)
But then you just get over it 'n' move on 'n' hardly ever think about him except maybe once in a blue moon... It was almost for the best. I mean, Scooter was so sad all the time and always gettin' beat up 'n' stuff...

Jordan runs his hand through his tangled hair.

JORDAN
(continuing)
Me 'n' him used to sit in my room, gettin' stoned, listening to the Smiths. Like he was over the night before he killed himself 'n' right in the middle of "Unloveable", he just started cryin' like crazy...
(beat)
He was really into the Smiths.

Xavier finishes his beer. Burps.

XAVIER
Yeah, well, Smiths fans tend to die young.

They drive on wordlessly for a moment, contemplating this phenomenon. The music keeps playing.

BLACK (2 seconds) cut t

cut t

DRIVING POV.later that day

The open highway shooting through the blistering desert plain. Miles and miles of vast nothingness rocketing by as raucous METAL-INDUSTRO-NOIZE blares.

XAVIER (VO)
I am **sooooo** wasted....

int-TORINO.day
The drunken trio youthfully frolic, the wind cascading through the open windows.

XAVIER
Wasted! Shitfaced. Plastered. Snockered. Obliterated. Swacked. Blotto!
(a shit-eating grin on his face)
Happy. Happy, happy, happy.

Jordan kicks his heels up on the dash.

JORDAN
I'm feelin' pretty blissed myself.

AMY
(swatting his feet down)
Then get your fuckin boots off my dashboard.

JORDAN
Hey Amy, remember the time we were so fucked up we lost my mom's car?

AMY
(laughing)
After the Thrill Kill Kult concert?

JORDAN
(to Xavier, explaining)
We were so trashed we couldn't remember where we left the car. We looked and looked and walked around and around...
(in hysterics by now)
... but We Could Not Find The Fucking Thing To Save Our Life!

AMY
We finally ended up taking a cab home.

JORDAN
Which you puked in.

AMY

Which **you** puked in!

They all crack up.

JORDAN

Wait... wait...
(holds up his hand, as if about to make an important announcement)

He lets out the hugest, juiciest, croaking BEER-BELCH imaginable.

AMY

How revolting.

XAVIER
(sudden inspiration)
Quick, name the grossest thing you can think of.

He points to Amy.

AMY
(on the spot)
uh... this guy, Marcus Hu, who sat in front of me in chemistry who had like really bad back-ne, and he used to pop his zits in class, so he'd always have these like red stains all over the back of his t-shirt...

XAVIER
(simulates a game show "bad answer" buzzer)
BRRRRRRP.

He points at Jordan.

JORDAN

I, uh, had this sore on my foot once that got like all infected and when I squeezed it, this greenish black juice squirted out. And it smelled like rotten eggs...

XAVIER

BRRRRRRRP.

Both Amy and Jordan turn towards Xavier who smiles, looking smug as a conductor for the LA Philharmonic.

XAVIER

Butthole mucous.

Amy and Jordan react with appropriate revulsion. But the trio's fun-and-games is abruptly cut short as Amy sees something in the road which causes her to swerve and SLAM on the brakes (which sends Xavier careening into Jordan's lap.)

AMY

SHIT!--

Too late - they hit something which makes a sickening THUD and go veering off to the side of the road.

AMY
(scared breathless, her fingers gripping the wheel)
shitshitshitshitshit....

Both Xavier and Jordan pick themselves up from the floor, shaken up though not really damaged.

JORDAN
Amy, what...?

AMY
(leaning her forehead on the wheel)
Oh fuck.

cut t

ext-THE ABANDONED HIGHWAY.late afternoon

Sobering up real fast, the threesome warily get out of the car, like they're totally afraid of what they might find.

And there, on the baking asphalt is a twitching, bleeding MASS OF FUR - all terrified eyes, twisted broken limbs, whimpering in agony.

Amy starts crying uncontrollably.

AMY
oh my God....

Jordan and Xavier just stand there, staring at the pathetic, anguished creature.

JORDAN
Fuck...

AMY
(losing it)
Do Something.

JORDAN
(the sight freaking him out too)
Like what?

AMY
I don't know. **Something.**

JORDAN
What, do I look like a fuckin veterinarian?

AMY
Oh God....

Without a word, like a robot, Xavier solemnly removes his switchblade from his boot. This gets Amy even more crazy; she grabs him by the arm.

AMY
What're you **doing**?!

Xavier's face is like a death mask. Jordan pulls Amy off him and she just crumples, bawling on his shoulder. Xavier exits the frame to put the poor, quivering animal out of its misery.

AMY
(choking for air)
...jesusfuckingchrist.

Jordan's eyes are riveted on the action that's about to take place over Amy's shoulder, but they reflexively
squeeze shut as we hear a final OS YELP that indicates Xavier's taken care of his grisly task. Amy buries her face into Jordan's shoulder, gripping onto him for dear life, while he just stands there, numb.

cut to

BLACK (4 seconds)

SOUND PULL-OVER
The OS sound of dirt being shoveled.

cut to

ext-THE DESOLATE ROADSIDE.dusk

Amy and Jordan morosely witness Xavier putting the finishing touches on a makeshift grave.

AMY
(dragging on a cig, staring at the pile of dirt)
The world sucks.

Jordan, holding her by the arm, says nothing. Neither does Xavier.

Amy bends down, removing one of her skull rings from her tiny white finger. Ceremoniously places it on top of the newly-turned mound of earth. She remains crouched there for a long, still moment. Then turns and silently walks past Jordan and Xavier back towards the car.

fade to

BLACK (3 seconds)

cut to

int-RECORDSTORE.that night

The lighting is so bright and artificial it borders on skin-cancer-inducing. Jordan and Xavier are in the cassette section, stuffing their coat pockets with musical fodder for the neverending road. Jordan picks u a copy of NITZER EBB's "Belief".

XAVIER
Bro, snag the import. It's got extra tracks.

JORDAN
oh, right.
(he pockets the correct one)

He wanders over towards the import CDs, where Amy is standing, staring wistfully at a copy of THIS MORTAL COIL's "It'll End In Tears".

JORDAN
hey.

Amy doesn't acknowledge his presence, gazing with melancholy rapture at the CD.

HER POV
A CU of the sumptuous Vaughan Oliver/23 Envelope cover art.

AMY (VO)
I just wish I could crawl in here and disappear forever.

BACK TO SCENE

Jordan gives his girlfriend a quizzical look.

JORDAN
Don't you have that CD at home already?

Amy sighs, all sad.

AMY
I miss my records.

back

XAVIER
who's busily 'lifting more tapes. Running out of room in his jacket pockets, he starts shoving the cassettes down his pants (considering he doesn't wear underwear this is probably pretty exciting for him).

At that moment, three incredibly handsome, six-foot-tall GQ CLONES with jutting chins, chiseled features and cut pecs saunter over, eying him suspiciously.

GQ CLONE 1 (GEORGE)
Well, well, well, men. Lookee here.

GQ CLONE 2 (DAN)
(chortling to GQ CLONE 1)
Check out that hot, tight bubble-butt, George.

GEORGE
Oh stop, Dan. I'm gonna pop a boner.

GQ CLONE 3 (PAT)
(to a tense Xavier)
Hey there, sailor. Like your pretty earrings.

GEORGE
Leave him alone, Pat. Can't you see he's a shy, sensitive flower?

The GQ Clones laugh as they close in on Xavier.

DAN
(invading Xavier's proximic space)
What's with the pretty earrings, huh punk? You suck cock? Take it up the ass?
(to Pat)
Looks like we got us a bonafide faggot here, Pat.

Xavier, pressure building inside him like a cooker, doesn't say anything.

PAT
(giving Xavier a manly shove)
My bud asked you a question, dollface.

Xavier stares his tormentors in the eye, intensely, like he's going to explode into a murderous frenzy any second... Then

JORDAN (OS)
Hey, X...

Amy and Jordan appear on the scene, defusing the potential violence.

JORDAN
What's goin' on here, man?

The situation somewhat neutralized, George, Dan and Pat back off. But when they see Amy...

PAT
No way. It can't be...

George just stares at Amy in shock.

GEORGE
Bambi? Bambi, is it really you?

Amy lets out a heavy sigh.

AMY
Fuck.

GEORGE
It's me. George... your poopsie, your snugglybear.

AMY
Look, smegma-breath. I'm not whoever the fuck you think I am so will you just do me a favor and evacuate?

GEORGE
Bambi, bubula... Don't do this...

Amy throws up her hands.

AMY
Fuck This Shit.

She storms off. George begins sobbing, out of control.

GEORGE
Bambi... Bambi... Don't Go. **Please...**

Jordan and Xavier follow Amy out like satellites while Dan and Pat stay behind to comfort their pal.

JORDAN
(to Xavier)
I just hate seein' guys cry, don't you?

cut t

BLACK (4 seconds)

SOUND PULLUP
The OS CRASH of a door being kicked in, wood splintering.

cut t

int-A HAUNTED ABANDONED STRUCTURE.night

The threesome climb through the remains of the rotten door, entering the shadowy recesses. Xavier hol a makeshift torch made from a stray hunk of wood. In the middle of the gloomy squat, illuminated by t flickering flame, they find an old mattress mysteriously left lying on the floor.

XAVIER
Dig it. Someone made the bed.

Amy bends down, checking it out, running her hand along its smooth surface. She sniffs it.

AMY
I just hope we don't catch crabs or something.

She plops down, apparently satisfied with the mattress's hygenic quality. She kicks off her spiky shoes and sighs. Lies there a moment, unhappy and tired, staring at the ceiling.

AMY
(speaking to no one in particular)
Life is boring, lonely and dumb.

Neither Jordan nor Xavier say anything (apparently they agree).

Jordan goes off to gather wood for a campfire and Amy takes out a quarter which she begins idly flippi in the air. Xavier, standing there with the torch, watches her (in the warm, undulating firelight, she loo even more jailbait-irresistable than ever).

AMY
(calls to Jordan, flipping the coin nonchalantly)
Jordan, y'want heads, or tails?

JORDAN
(returning with a big log)
huh?

AMY
Heads or tails?

JORDAN
Whatever.

AMY
(makes the decision, points at Xavier)
Heads.
(points at Jordan)
Tails.

Amy yawns and flips the quarter high in the air, catching it on the back of her palm.

AMY
(peeking at the coin)

Heads.

Jordan dumps a load of wood which KERPLONKS loudly on the cold ground.

JORDAN

Oh well.

Xavier slaps him on the back.

XAVIER

Better luck next time, cowboy.

Jordan shrugs and taking the torch from Xavier, uses it to ignite the woodpile.

JORDAN

There any more beer?

AMY
(who by now is starting to undress)

In the trunk.

She tosses Jordan the keys, which he tries to catch but misses. He bends to pick them up off the floor.

XAVIER

Don't worry. There'll be plenty left when I'm through.

Jordan shrugs again. On his way out, he sort of semi-waves to Amy who's prone, waiting for Xavier on the bed.

JORDAN
(to both of them)

Have fun.

cut to

BLACK (2 seconds)

cut to

int-HAUNTED STRUCTURE.later

TIGHT TWOSHOT
Amy and Xavier fuck madly in the wavering orange glow of the campfire (it's like these kids never do anything besides eat, sleep, screw, oh, and drive).

Xavier, chewing on Amy's perfect porcelain neck, breathes hotly into her ear.

XAVIER

gimme your finger...

AMY
(on the verge of one of multiple orgasms)

huh?

XAVIER

Gimme your finger.

Amy looks at him, puzzled. She holds up her index finger and Xavier wraps his mouth around it, essentially giving it a juicy blowjob, leaving the length of it glistening with his saliva.

XAVIER

Now stick it up my asshole.

AMY
(horrified)

What?

XAVIER

Stick your finger up my asshole.

AMY

Repulse me! No way.

XAVIER
(begging)

C'mon.

AMY

That is the most sickening, grotesque thing I've ever--

XAVIER
(urgent)

Do it.

Something in his voice convinces her to go along with it (plus, though she'd never admit it, the thought of fingerfucking him fully turns her on). Nervous, tentatively at first, she tries inserting her wet finger up his tight boyhole. When it doesn't go in easily, she gets impatient, straining to jam it up there.

XAVIER

OW! **Wait.** Nice and easy....

AMY
(by now totally hot)

...sorry.

She licks her finger, rewetting it, and getting the hang of it finally, she eases it on down the road. Xavier, his body consumed in waves of sheer ecstasy, closes his eyes. They gradually regain their humping momentum and soon are on their way towards a climax of earthshattering proportions.

cut t

ext-THE BOMBED OUT RUINS.night

The tacky OS SOUND of Amy and Xavier's orgasmic yelping carries through the night air to Jordan, sitting there alone in the frontseat of the parked Torino.

He gulps a Bud. Yawns. In a lame attempt to keep himself amused, he pretends his cigarette is a joint ar savors a hit.

JORDAN
(scat-singing to himself)
"Schoobie, schoobie, schmoke a doobie..."

He smiles, settling back in the seat. Feels something hard against his ass. Investigating, he pulls an obje out from inbetween the cushions.

HIS POV
Amy's missing skull lighter. With her name carved crudely into the side.

BACK TO SCENE
Jordan smiles. Then is startled by the THUMP of Xavier hitting the roof of the car with his hand.

XAVIER
(buttoning his pants)
You're up to bat.

A bit dazed, Jordan looks at him, the curling smoke from his cigarette forming cool patterns in the blackness.

XAVIER
Don't tell me you hogged all the brewskis...

Absently setting Amy's lighter down on the dash, Jordan points towards the two-thirds of a sixer in the backseat.

XAVIER
(smiles, grabs a can)
Nothing makes me thirstier than a w:cked, excellent fuck.
(he POPS it open)

Jordan gets up but for some unknown reason, pauses...

XAVIER
(after a thirst-quenching gulp)
Well? Go fer it, boyo. She's all revved up 'n' rarin' to go.

Jordan stalls, dragging on his cigarette.

JORDAN
(where this one comes from, not even he could tell you)
X, do you like slamdancing?

XAVIER
(drinks some more)
It's alright. 'cept when you get someone's elbow in your eye, or their steel-toed boot in your crotch... Why?

JORDAN
(shrugs, fidgeting now, kicking at the dirt)
Have you ever, Imean, does it... like all those bodies, all that sweating 'n' pushing 'n' shoving...

XAVIER
Does it give me a hard-on?

Jordan looks at him. Totally blushes.

XAVIER
(a conspiratorial gleam in his eye)

Always.

The two youngmen exchange smiles, Jordan feeling a great sense of relief.
Xavier touches his arm with a very strange, very disturbing tenderness. Their eyes meet for a dizzy, sou
melting moment that lasts a couple of eternities.

JORDAN

I, uh, better...
(indicating with his eyes that Amy's still waiting)

XAVIER

yeah.

Jordan starts to walk away; Xavier drinks his beer.

JORDAN

Hey, X...

Xavier looks at Jordan who's got the dark cavern of the haunted ruins looming behind him.

JORDAN

Ever wonder what the meaning of our existence is?

Xavier looks at him, like huh?

XAVIER

Huh?

JORDAN

You ever wonder why we exist?

Xavier looks at him some more.

XAVIER

No.
(takes another swig of beer)

What for?

Jordan shrugs.

JORDAN

No reason.

He smiles and wanders away into the engulfing darkness.
Xavier watches him go, polishing off his beer. Then notices Amy's skull lighter. He picks it up, starts
idly flicking it, on, off, on, off, on...

cut t

BLACK (2 seconds)

cut t

int-HAUNTED STRUCTURE.later

TIGHT TWOSHOT
Same composition as earlier, only now it's Amy and Jordan banging away.

JORDAN
(inbetween pelvic thrusts)
hey...

Amy doesn't answer at first, concentrating on her current orgasm.

JORDAN
Hey, Amy.

AMY
(breathing heavy)
...what?

Jordan ceases his rhythmic humping. Looks deep into her large, ebony eyes.

JORDAN
Y'ever wonder what the meaning of our existence is?

Amy looks at him, like you gotta be kidding.

AMY
You gotta be kidding.

JORDAN
No really. Don't y'think about it?

AMY
Christ, Jordan. I'm just about to come. Can we talk about this later?

JORDAN
(his feelings a little hurt)
I guess.

He resumes his in-and-out pumping. As they both approach blastoff, Amy licks her finger and her hand inexorably creeps down Jordan's unsuspecting back, lower, lower, grasping his firm, round OS ass...

JORDAN
OW!--

Amy gives him an innocent look, like a kid caught with her hand (so to speak) in the cookie jar.

JORDAN
Whatthefuck'reyoudoing?

AMY
Relax. You'll like it.

JORDAN
I am not going to "like" your finger shoved up my shit-chute. That's grodified.

AMY
(impatient)
Jordan, will you please stop being such an uptight prude and live a little? Jesus.

Jordan looks into Amy's impossibly sweet, persuasive eyes.

JORDAN
I dunno, Amy...

AMY
(devilishly seductive)
Take a walk on the wild side.

Jordan's still not convinced. Amy kisses him again, softly, super-sensuously...

AMY
Trust me.

She's too too sexy for Jordan to say no. Smiling, she ever-so-succulently sucks her finger again, then gently, lovingly, unyieldingly works it into Jordan's virgin hole. The act makes Jordan very uncomfortable at first; he feels violated plus it just plain hurts. But he allows it anyway - for her.

JORDAN
(a whimper)
Amy...

Amy replies with an unspeakably hot, bewitching whisper in his ear.

AMY
Just... re... lax.

He tries his best and soon finds his entire body consumed in sensations that totally overwhelm him: he feels like he's either going to spontaneously burst into flames, die right there on the spot, or maybe just experience the most intense squirt of his adolescent life.

JORDAN
(begging, barely able to breathe)
.....Amy.....

They're working it, grunting, making the noises baby seals make when they're getting clubbed to death. The chipped black fingernails of Amy's left hand dig into Jordan's shoulder as they both ready their quaking teen bodies for an absolutely colossal orgasmic sexplosion.

Then...

A mouth appears. Licking the point where Amy's fingernails leave indents in Jordan's upper deltoid. Startled, Amy and Jordan turn to find

XAVIER
his devouring eyes ablaze, like Hannibal Lecter about to feast on a victim.

As Amy and Jordan find themselves helplessly caught in his sexual spell, the screen melts into a hallucenogenically erotic THREESHOT as Xavier enters the frame and the fray...

The trio don't speak a word instead communicating through a shared, synchronized language of hornific gazing, maneuvering, repositioning. Xavier is, of course, the leader, his pioneer hands and explorer lip: blazing trails of pleasure across the vast frontier of Amy and Jordan's pale, fresh flesh.

Eventually, they migrate towards a token hetero menage sandwich - with Amy the meat between Xavier and Jordan's slabs of WonderBread. They're all panting, gasping, like they're drowning in a tidal wave...

As we FOCUS on Amy, her face contorted with on-the-verge-of-coming ecstasy, we begin to notice gradual traces of discomfort in her features (though admittedly, the two expressions are hard to tell apart

She sighs.
Since it's not exactly a cry of delight, both Xavier and Jordan slow their syncopated screwing.

JORDAN
what?

AMY
(frustrated)
Shit.

Xavier and Jordan both reluctantly stop the bone-a-thon.

JORDAN
...what is it?

Amy sighs again.

AMY
I gotta pee.

Xavier feels the sperm backing up into his dick, threatening to burst his balls.

XAVIER
Right **now**?

Amy nods.

AMY
It's not like I **want** to get up 'n' go out into the fuckin freezing cold y'know, but when Nature calls, it fucking hollers...

XAVIER
(a sudden inspiration)
Hey. Just go ahead and let 'er rip while we're all coming.

AMY
OOOOOoooo!

JORDAN
yeecch.

XAVIER
C'mon, it'll be all warm and wet and nasty...

AMY
That is so vile and beastly I can't believe any human being could even conceive of it.

She gets up naked out of the bed.

XAVIER

Jeez, little Polly Pureheart...

AMY
(pointedly at Xavier)

You are a demon from hell.

Xavier's only response is a shrug and a wiseacre smile. Amy goes off to relieve her bladder, disappearing into the inky unknown.

XAVIER

Girls have no sense of adventure.

Jordan looks at him.

JORDAN

I guess.

The two gorgeous nude dudes are left sitting there alone in the bed for a suspended moment. Jordan can feel Xavier totally watching him which makes him increasingly nervous. He shifts uneasily.

JORDAN

She better hurry. My woody's startin' to droop.

XAVIER

Mine's not.

Jordan looks at Xavier who just smiles.

XAVIER
(another inspiration)

Wanna have a contest?

JORDAN
(bashful, just the thought making him blush)

No...

More awkward silence. Jordan growing more and more fidgety...

JORDAN

Why're you lookin' at me like that?

XAVIER
(way evil smile)

Like what?

Jordan's not feeling very comfortable in his skin at the moment (and it's all he's got on). And Xavier seems to be enjoying making him squirm.

JORDAN

Man, what's takin' her so long?

Xavier shrugs. Not really in much of a rush for Amy to return.

Then SUDDENLY

a bucket of water is tossed onto the campfire, extinguishing it with a loud HISSSSSS. The room is plunged into PITCH BLACKNESS and the SCREEN GOES TOTALLY DARK: only the SOUND of th boys' eerily disembodied voices lets us know that the projector hasn't broken down.

JORDAN (VO)
Whatthefuck??

Stillness.

JORDAN (VO)
Hey.... This isn't funny.

More stillness.

JORDAN (VO)
What the fuck is goin' on here?
(he yelps, practically jumping out of his skin)
X? X? Is that you?

Xavier just laughs, playfully.

JORDAN (VO)
Cut it out, man. Fuck, don't you have a match or something?...

XAVIER (VO)
Don't split your scrotum, dude. Imean, what're you so afraid of the dark for?

JORDAN (VO)
I don't like this. I don't like this **at all**. Imean, this is fully creeping me out... Amy, where the fuck are you?... AMY???

Then out of nowhere, a MEGAPHONE-FILTERED VOICE, sounding like it comes from beyond the grave, fills the room.

OS VOICE
Two little faggots sittin' in a bed,
One eatin' ass, the other givin' head.
Dirty, perverted scum make me see red.
The world'll be a purer place when they're both dead...

Utter silence. For a long time.

Till finally —

JORDAN (VO)
(now he's **really** scared)
X, man, if this is your idea of a--

XAVIER (VO)
Shh.

They sit petrified in the blackness, listening like frightened deer about to get blown away.

JORDAN (VO)
(whispering, losing it)
Amy, goddamnit, Where Are You???

XAVIER (VO)
Shut up.

More silence. The tension's so intense the air is like vibrating...

SUDDENLY
Xavier is grabbed, overpowered, struck over the head with something, CLUNK, and dragged away. Jordan, practically shitting his pants, whirls around, flailing at the darkness.

JORDAN (VO)
(in a total panic)
X? X?? WHERE ARE YOU, MAN?... FUCK!...

Hyperventilating, Jordan hears something, an object made of metal and plastic, being set on the ground nearby.

JORDAN (VO)
C'mon, guys... turn the lights back on. Stop screwin' around...

There's the WHUMPF of something (a body) being tossed onto the bed about three feet from Jordan.

JORDAN (VO)
Amy?... X?...

And two sets of very strong ARMS grab Jordan from behind.

JORDAN (VO)
(now at last, the scream)
YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA--

Finally, there's the switching on of a STROBE LIGHT which transforms the scene into a fragmented acid nightmare. In the flashing, intermittent starkness, Jordan can see figures moving, ghostlike, kinescopic. He might've just died and gone straight to hell.

Behind him, his arms are being gaffer-taped together by two of the recordstore Goons, Dan and Pat. They're both stripped naked, wearing only Red-Hot-Chili-Peppers-style GYM SOCKS on their dicks, their bodies covered with what appears to be animal blood.

Beside him, Xavier lies inert, unconscious, bound with tape, his head bleeding at the temple.

Before him, George, likewise wearing just a cock sock, materializes out of the gloom. He's dragging along Amy, who is also bound, a big piece of tape covering her mouth. Ritualistically, he unfurls a hug American flag which lands on the ground with an ominous THWUMP.

Jordan takes this all in like some ghastly hallucination.

George finishes spreading out the flag. Turns on a nearby GHETTOBLASTER. A very tinny and somehow terrifying version of "The Starspangled Banner" begins to play...

GEORGE
(as if it's a pagan ceremony or something)
I pledge allegiance... to the flag...

He shoves Amy down onto its red, white and blue surface.

JORDAN
Leave her alone!

Dan and Pat respond by twisting Jordan's arms behind his back, cutting off his circulation.

JORDAN
OWw...

GEORGE
... of the United States of America.

He roughly manuevers Amy into a mountable position on the patriotic tarpaulin. She kicks and struggles but her tiny form is easily overcome by the six-foot-tall hunk.

JORDAN
Leave her the fuck alone!!!

Jordan's protests get him a punch in the face from Pat.

George tosses his gym sock aside and brutally enters Amy who shakes her head and writhes in agony. As he speaks, his words are cadenced, synchronized to his violent thrusting.

GEORGE
... And to the **Republic.** For which it **stands.** One Nation. Under **God...**

Amy's face is contorted with pure, unadulterated hate as tears of helpless rage and unbearable pain fill h eyes.

GEORGE
Indivisible. With **Liberty.** And **Justice...**
(coming)
For **ALL.**

Jordan is crying, whining like a whipped animal.

As George pulls out, Amy takes the opportunity to kick him, hard, in the balls.

Mistake.

GEORGE
You fuckin **bitch.**

He belts her across the face.

JORDAN
LEAVE HER ALONE!

Another sock in the jaw for Jordan.

GEORGE
(losing his whole sack of marbles)
You're gonna pay for that, Bambi. D'you hear me? **You are gonna pay.**

He pulls a Nordstroms shopping bag out from the shadows and removes an eighteen-inch-tall, glow-in the-dark PLASTIC POPE JOHN PAUL. Amy just watches, her eyes wide with revulsion and terror.

GEORGE
(gone pure psycho)
Part them succulent meat curtains, darling, and get ready for the religious experience of your life...

JORDAN
NOOOOOOOOOOO! You fucking **asshole**! Stop it stop it **STOP IT!!!!--**

Jordan gets slugged again, this time in the gut. The wind knocked out of him, he looks down and finds Xavier, slowly regaining consciousness, moaning like a tormented zombie.

Distracted from Amy for the moment, George comes over - his face right up to Jordan's, close enough to stick his tongue down his throat in a unmercifully TIGHT TWOSHOT.

GEORGE
(whispering intimate menace)
Just be patient, lover. You'll get yours...

Jordan raises his eyes, glaring into George's. Blood from his nose forms a tiny trickle down his face and drips off his chin.

JORDAN
That's what your mom said - only I couldn't hear her, she had my sperm gurgling in her mouth...

GEORGE
(if he was over the brink before, he's in outer space now)
DON'T YOU **EVER** TALK ABOUT MY MOTHER LIKE THAT!!!

He starts WAILING on Jordan, going totally berserk, his fists pounding into Jordan's frail frame as Dan and Pat hold him up like a steadily deflating punching bag.

GEORGE
(so agitated he can't even speak)
You... you... you...

Jordan rolls over to one side and vomits blood.

GEORGE
You, dude, are going to DIE.
(turning to Amy)
And you, Bambi, you lying filthy fucking **slut** are gonna watch me help your little fairy boytoy shuffle off this mortal coil...

He pulls a fucking humongous pair of GARDENING SHEARS out of the Nordstroms bag. Jordan flips, frantically trying to escape, but Dan and Pat have too tight a grip on him.

GEORGE
Prepare to kiss your puny, worthless homo cock goodbye.

Jordan struggles desperately and gets a couple more slugs from Pat for his trouble. Next to him, Xavier stirs, coughing and groaning. George opens the shiny blades and lowers them, a maniacal, almost horn gleam burning in his eyes...

Amy, meanwhile, is straining to get out of the tape binding her wrists, twisting her body to get her hanc out from behind her...

GEORGE
Any last words, queer?

Beaten senseless, Jordan, beyond pain, beyond fear, practically beyond this world already, starts to speak. A bubble of blood comes out of his mouth and pops.

JORDAN
.....Amy.... I.....love.....y--

George SNAPS the shears shut and a grisly metal-cleaving-flesh SOUND is heard.

JORDAN
--oOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOUUUUUUUUU...

Jordan's body convulses like a bucking bronco as Dan and Pat fight to hold him still, blood from between his legs spurting every which way.

GEORGE
Isn't love a many-splendored thing?

Jordan's death scream finally rouses Xavier. This is just in time for George to reach down, grab Jordai severed, bloody organ (he has to tug on it, tearing it, to get it completely off), and stuff it into Xavier's horrified mouth.

GEORGE
Open wide and say "yummy yum yum", fag. Doesn't that taste **good**? Your boyfriend's cock? Don't you wanna just SWALLOW IT WHOLE???

George sadistically crams the hairy, red-dripping dollop of meat down Xavier's gagging throat.

Amy, by this point, has managed to get her hands out in front of her and is foraging madly through the heap of Xavier's discarded clothes, his Doc Martens...

Finding his switchblade.

The next few seconds of strobe-lit mayhem are so blurry, chaotic and insane that it's hard to figure out even what's going on - only that Amy is going completely BONKERS with that big knife, and that there's people SHRIEKING and getting butchered left and right (This bloody slaughter should all spookily and subconsciously recall the likewise-strobelit, SLOMO slamdancing frenzy of the very first scene.).

The spasmodic, jagged MONTAGE of ultraviolence reaches a orgasmic crescendo, then abruptly cuts t

BLACK (at least 6 seconds)

very, very slow fade

DRIVING POV.day

Incredible, almost unearthly serenity. The lazy sunlight glimmering off the tranquil, panoramic Pacific The sky a mute wash of complementary blue.

The SOUND of the relentless road, the car engine gradually FADES UP. A DJ's amped-up voice crackling.

DJ (VO over radio)
...Well, it's another gorgeous one, dudes and dudettes. We're talkin' air temperatures in the mid-70s, water temperature a luscious 69 degrees, surf three to five feet with fine shape. A most excellent day, kids, for you to have "mom" write you a note 'n' head for the beach...

We CUT on the CLICK of the radio to

int-TORINO.day
Amy turns the stereo off and stares blankly ahead. Xavier is slouched up against the door on the passenger side. Both are wearing darkglasses. Neither one utters a word as the road goes droning by.

They drive in the thundering silence like that, not looking at each other, for a really, really long time....

Finally, Amy removes a Death cigarette from her stash under the visor. Starts searching around for a light. Xavier, on automatic pilot, offers her one - with her own missing skull lighter.
Recognizing the lighter, Amy is about to say something, but doesn't (it would require too much effort). She just drags on her cigarette instead.

They look away from each other again.

After several more interminable seconds of silence, Xavier leans over and pulls a bag of Salsa Rio Doritos out from the floorboard. The sound of the plastic CRINKLING and TEARING, the CRUNCHING of the chips in his mouth are all just incredibly, absurdly loud.

Amy, though, just sits there like an ice sculpture, completely oblivious. Xavier looks at her, offers a chip.

XAVIER
(his mouth full)
Wanna Dorito?

Amy makes no reply whatsoever - it's as if she's either deaf or dead. Xavier eventually takes that as a 'no' and goes back to staring out his window.

Amy keeps on driving, gazing numbly into the infinite distance, her cigarette smoldering between her pert, pouty lips.

cut t

ext-THE ROAD TO NOWHERE.day

The ROARING WHOOSH of the Torino suddenly passing by is followed by the car slowly, inevitably receding, becoming tiny and dotlike, a greenish-blue speck under the immense, sprawling horizon.

Its total insignificance in the vast, indifferent scheme of things is heartrendingly apparent.

slow final fade t

BLACK (3 seconds)

CREDITS roll.